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The Man Who Did What He Wanted

A Proposed Definition of Thoreau

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

HENRY THOREAU was the arch example in our history, perhaps in all literary history, of the man who believed in doing what he wanted. His genius had other qualities of distinction: he was a poet-naturalist, as Channing called him, probably the best in any literature; he was a concentrated essence of New England eccentricity; he was a protestant *à outrance*, as Emerson described him; a great friend to nature; the best recorder of the American environment; a fair botanist; an erratic ornithologist; a good historian; a prose writer of the highest distinction. But no one of these aspects of his genius, unless it be the last, accounts for the rising reputation of his work, the growing belief that he belongs in the small group of really great Americans, or the devotion of readers who in spite of the difficulty of pursuing the man through his unedited multitudes of pages, find him modern when most of his contemporaries are dated, as stimulating in his ideas as in his style, and indeed a classic in the warm not in the cold sense of that often misused word.

HENRY D. THOREAU
Painting by N. C. Wyeth, from "Men of Concord."

Much damage has been done to his reputation as a writer to be read by the still current belief that he was only a nature writer; and a misconception of his real quality has spread from the comments of Lowell and Stevenson, which have influenced even the last manuals of American literature. These describe him as a frustrated man, an escapist, sinking at last into a morass of pseudo-scientific observation. I know of no man whose life was happier than Thoreau's, and to this he bears frequent testimony up to the end. And while he was a nature writer *à outrance* as he was a protestant *à outrance*, and paid the penalty of all those whose ambition is infinitely to know, that is not the way to begin to read him.

Briefly then, and at the risk of over-simplification, let it be repeated that Thoreau was first and last a man determined to do what he wanted in a society which, like all societies, from Jesus Christ's Jews, to Babbitt's Americans, insisted that the individual should conform to the conventional desires of the day, or be called a skulker, a heretic, a radical, or a fool.

Like so many of his New England contemporaries in those forties and fifties seething with both material and spiritual energy, Henry Thoreau was a come-outer. Most of the come-outers of that day wished to take the world with them. Alcott, the father of Louisa, was ready to lead it to Utopia, where men's grosser instincts would melt away like butter in the sun. Emerson would show it new religions. Fourier and his companions had a new economics of communism, sure to succeed. The pioneers, with the land speculators holding rainbows before their noses, came out of the East by hordes to get rich in the West.

Thoreau was not that kind of a come-outer. He had a fund of common sense only matched by his idealism and his bravado. He did not want to come out of New England, sought no Utopia, was master of his own economics, knew only one religion which was "the perfect correspondence of Nature to man, so that he is at home to her." Concord for him was heaven enough, a realist's heaven, microcosm of the world and better than the world because it was smaller and could be known. All he asked was to do what he wanted, have that found useful, and be himself a better and happier man as a result.

This may sound simple to naiveté. It was not naive. For Thoreau wanted to feel and think and work unimpeded by the pressure of different ideas of living. Being a Puritan in the best sense of that word, he wished his work and his pleasure to run wide, high, and clear, without compromise. But that is precisely what society with its duties, its greeds, most of all its conventions, makes difficult for any man, most of all for the creative intellect. And if the individual finds himself in the midst of the Industrial Revolution, where the profit-making motive is already dominant, where independence, as always, is conditioned by success, and success means making money, then his simple desire to do what he wants raises the world problems of modern civilized society—man against the machine and machine-like living, and man against the state.

Nor is there recourse to the old order. There was no order of monks in Thoreau's day consecrated to the service of nature; indeed if there had been in Concord, as there was to be, in a sense, later in Cambridge a profession of science, science is too strait a jacket for the cre-

Next Week

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
By JOHN P. MARQUAND
Reviewed by Bernard DeVoto

THE STREET OF THE FISHING CAT
By JOLÁN FÖLDES
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

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THOREAU'S COUNTRY IN WINTER
Painting by N. C. Wyeth, from "Men of Concord."

ative, poetic mind. The farmers of Concord still tried to live by the sustenance of the soil, and Thoreau loved them, but the new age had taken opportunity out of agriculture. To farm now was to be tied to a routine that gave no time for other experience. It was better to be a farmer at Conantum than a hand in the pail factory, for you were closer to nature, and so to a healthy reality, but both occupations cramped the inquiring mind and damped the free spirit. And thus, if that inquiring mind was as sharp and far-seeing as Henry Thoreau's, there, in this village of two thousand inhabitants and in a countryside of a relatively few square miles, the dilemma of the individual who wanted to live his own life, who wanted to live while earning a necessary living, became as definite as if Concord were London, and its woods and fields a continent. Hence this rural philosopher, who could find Nova Zembla in a frozen swamp and the opera in the humming telegraph wire, passed easily from the problems of the nature lover who believes that recording the blooming time of Concord flowers is as important in the eyes of the deity as selling real estate, to the far-reaching speculations of "Life Without Principle" and "Civil Disobedience," which contain the best, because the most honest, challenge to the totalitarian state and all dictatorships of institutions over men. Thus his local speculations became of wide significance, and especially for this age.

Yet Thoreau, though he was said to talk like Emerson, was no Emersonian. He dealt in homespun realities not in cloud-flung absolutes, and his transcendentalism was always tempered by common sense. He was a wit, though not a humorist; he was cantankerous; he was a shrewd Yankee as well as an uncompromising philosopher. And his Concord, though a resort for such intellectuals as Hawthorne, Emerson, Channing, Alcott, and a flock of lesser intelligentsia, was also the most New England, indeed (as one looks ahead from his day) the most American of towns. It has its aliens, the Irish, its hard-fisted capitalists, its vague philanthropists, its boosters and standpatters. It had its hard-boiled orthodoxy and its voluble sentimentalists. There was plenty of the old Adam in its barrooms and in the hunters and fishers on its water meadows. In spite of a high pressure of cerebration, the town itself was as human as Winesburg, Ohio, or the home of Huckleberry Finn. And instead of lecturing (like other New Englanders) upon the world and its cure, Thoreau took up the much more concrete problem of how a young intellectual in this Concord, this microcosm of America, was to do what he wanted without wasting valuable time and energy in making money—how in other words to escape from the race to keep up with the Concord Joneses, and yet have enough to eat and wear and read, and an assured independence of the pressure to conform to the will of his family and his neighbors. It is everyone's problem, everyone, that is, who has a life of his own that diverges from the conventional, and who proposes to lead it. Thoreau saw its broad implications, but worked it out in his own terms. "Walden" is a book on how to live your own life by rigorous simplifying. It is a book for "poor students" not for family men who must apply its principles by other methods. The "Journal" is a vast record of living one's own life in the midst of a society that wants something very different. "Civil Disobedience" is the same resolution raised to the dignity of a challenge to the state.

Thoreau's methods of doing what he wanted were personal to him, and must be discussed in a biography, not in this brief essay. What he wanted, however, must be described, because this explains from another angle the singular persistence of his best work, a persistence of interest so great, that now after less than a century one feels inclined to prophesy that he is the most durable of American writers.

What he wanted was a complete and sympathetic intimacy with his environment. He wished to extend his own vitality to trees, flowers, turtles, storms, woodchucks, rivers, squirrels, and swamps until he knew them as well as Montaigne knew human nature. It was not that Thoreau loved men less. In spite of his slurring references to society, in spite of the back-cuts he took across walls and woods to avoid village streets, in spite of his jealousy for his solitude, his affection for his fellow men (if not his fellow women) was sometimes almost morbid, as witness his obsession with the problems of friendship. It was not that he loved men less, but rather that he passionately loved nature, of which man, and most of all himself, he regarded as only an extension into intellectual consciousness. The sunset as a phenomenon of diffracted light, or the turtle as a mechanism for egg-laying, meant little to him as such, and indeed he was too subjective to be a good research scientist. But as part of that environment of Concord man into which he was always reaching for a background for his books, sunset and turtles were elements of that sensible reality which is truly man as much as the brain which perceives it. Nature for him was the worthiest study, and for nature he put aside his beloved classics, because nature, he felt, was the least known and most neglected factor in daily life. He liked his Concord farmers because they, at least, had to take cognizance of the soil and sky and the phenomena of nature that lay between. But *his* mission was not merely to experience, it was to know, really to know what in every detail this Concord worldlet in which his life was set was like—water, weed, bird, quadruped, tree, sky, and wind, no end to the knowing. For man, so he believed, who had already entered upon the race to adapt himself to mechanism, was atrophying the nerve of sensitiveness to the nature that bred him, and courting the destruction of something indispensable in his mind. Here that modern of the moderns, D. H. Lawrence, in different terms, agrees with him—and many psychologists.

Thoreau's love of nature was an ob-

(*Continued on page* 15)

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A Forgotten Man in a World Going Mad

SHINING SCABBARD. By R. C. Hutchinson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by WILSON FOLLETT

THE enlightened psychiatrist does not see himself as one fitted to look down from an alienist's height and pronounce upon the manias of hapless patients or clinical exhibits. Rather, he studies these to learn what he can about the manias of the persons whom we call, by a fanciful assumption, normal. In such persons, including himself, he finds the same potentialities of unreason, crime, and sheer lunacy that fill our prisons, asylums, and psychopathic wards. In short, all are mad.

If psychiatry leaves fiction in the lurch in the modern pursuit of this ancient thesis, it is going to be no fault of Mr. R. C. Hutchinson. In "Shining Scabbard" he assembles a cast of almost Dickensian size, of which all the major characters and most of the minor ones are controlled by neurotic impulses and delusions. In net effect they are mad folk who provoke occasional suspicion of sanity. The material is, in a word, more overtly clinical than even the reader of current novels is quite used to. The brilliance of the performance, which is considerable, is a property of the skill with which the atmosphere of madness is developed from the commonplace so insensibly that the reader finds himself breathing it almost without a change of respiration or of pulse.

DRAWING BY JAMES REID
From the binding design of "Shining Scabbard."

The pivot of the story is Colonel Séverin of the French army, who, cashiered for proved cowardice in action in the Franco-Prussian war, is still living in 1914 for the restitution of what he is pleased to call his honor. Doddering, muddled, and pathetic, he distributes his time among malingering in bed, haunting the battlefield of his disgrace to prove to himself (against the facts) that he could not possibly have seen the signal which he disregarded, and badgering a cold-blooded family solicitor to bring suit against the government in his behalf. An utterly forgotten old man, he feeds his self-esteem by patronizing tyranny to the numerous household of which he is the head and by the delusion that France has never ceased to ring with his disgrace. His subconscious realization of the truth about himself is betrayed in his terror lest a physically delicate grandson inherit his cowardice; and his sadistic treatment of the boy, ostensibly a device to harden him by Spartan disciplines, is actually a piece of self-judgment and self-torment.

Séverin refuses to see that his wife, the faithful lifelong sharer of his delusions, is dying for lack of the medical solicitude which he lavishes upon himself. He refuses to see that a brother enriched by commerce, whom he despises and perpetually insults, is his sole means of support. But he is touchy on every point of honor. When he finds that the witness who was to have clinched his case is really being bribed to perjure himself, he withdraws in outraged dignity from the prosecution of his cause. In August, 1914, with German shells beginning to fall into the streets of the provincial town where he lives, sheer physical terror overmasters him once more. But, even while he flees in the only available motor car and leaves his household to its fate, he is convinced in his magnificent mind that he is speeding to Paris to forgive his country and to save it by putting his military genius at the disposal of the War Ministry.

And that is our last glimpse of him—the head of a mad household which is adroitly used as the microcosm of a nation's madness in a world going out of its head.

The novel begins with the return of Colonel Séverin's daughter-in-law from Africa, escaping a climate which threatens to doom her children. It is in part through the eyes of this puzzled and frightened woman that we see the strange household of the Séverins, the mad old grandmother in her Russian rages, the tough-minded *bonne* who keeps the family going, the sister who had given up a great dramatic career when her brother was disgraced. Although the theme of "Shining Scabbard" is psychological, the book itself is also a gallery of remarkable characters, all dominated by the family scandal, yet reacting in violently different fashions; and all moving toward the débâcle, when the Germans roll over the little town like an implacable glacier, and the plot reaches its climax.

How Justice Triumphs

MR. TUTT'S CASE BOOK. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES P. CURTIS, JR.

MR. TUTT is current fiction's most distinguished lawyer. In this collection of twenty-six of the stories of his triumphs, his well known stove pipe hat has become a very high hat indeed. He emerges from the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* introduced by John H. Wigmore, Dean of the Law School at Northwestern, and annotated by Ferdinand J. Wolf of the New York Bar. The result is the next thing to a law school case book. The next thing: a sort of preparatory law school book, maybe. A lure and a bait, let's say, for very young men who want to be lawyers. Mr. Tutt makes the law a glamorous knight-errantry as well as a profession, and as well as a very profitable profession for any Mr. Tutt.

The annotations are sound, the introduction is in the Dean's best style, and Mr. Train writes good stories. He gives to Mr. Tutt, however, one large advantage enjoyed by no lawyer, however charming or smart. That is—a real case is fiction brought to the lawyer all ready made. The legal solution, if any, has to be governed by material. Mr. Train has the solution safely hidden in one hand, behind his back, and his other hand free to manipulate the facts. That must be fun for Mr. Train, and at any rate is great fun for the reader.

A public grown sharp and knowing on well constructed detective stories will enjoy the extra fillip, the proof of legal exactitude and reality which the case references at the end of each story give. As a matter of fact a very amusing way of reading the tales might be to tackle Mr. Wolf's annotations first, and turn temporary lawyer while you read, trying to guess how Mr. Tutt can use the cited law to pull his inevitable rabbit from his kindly hat.

In Dean Wigmore's introduction he asks us to reflect on "the large and perpetual problem of Law versus Justice." Here we have, not the fact that Justice triumphs, but a way by which it may triumph. Mr. Tutt usually wins by technicality. We are likely to associate technicality with the powers of evil, seeing it a bright and treacherous weapon in the hands of astute lawyers. Mr. Tutt, a good angel, wields it as the champion of justice, proving to us that there is no more sin in a successful technicality than there is virtue in an unsuccessful one. That would seem to be the moral of the sudden rather large dignity in which a lot of agreeable stories have all at once been clothed. A good moral, of course. But, *diacono nolente*, this remains a story book, and not a case book.

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Men, Insects, and the Pseudo-Future

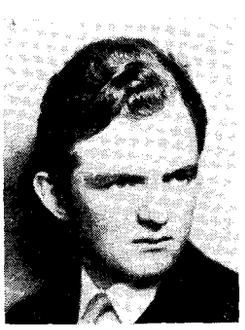
A SHORT HISTORY OF THE FUTURE. By John Langdon-Davies. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by CLARK B. FIRESTONE

THINGS will begin to blow up for keeps perhaps five years hence, says this writer. Dreading war and seeking to avert it, capitalism will be compelled by internal pressure to launch it, and will thereby commit suicide. War will be short, ending in a few hours or a few days by the mustard gas route. Then the peoples will destroy their own governments. By 1950 democracy will be dead everywhere. Fascism will succeed it in America. In the new age, England will have one-tenth of its present population. America will return to a verdant wilderness, dotted with small, active centers, and fed by the intensive cultivation of an area no larger than Kansas.

Plato, Bacon, Campanella, and others devised ideal societies or utopias based on what these dreamers thought would be useful and pleasant. Here is another and dour utopia shaped by what its author thinks will happen anyway, whether anybody wants it to or not. There will be compensations, for none will work more than three hours a day, food and clothing and lodging will be free as air, social security complete. But nobody, except some sort of junta, will have a right to think politically, or perhaps any way at all; individualism, rugged or otherwise, will be out.

The family and society? Well, there will be no family units, and the "mother complex" of the Freudians is to go. The state will have a good deal to say as to who procreates, and will say it in part through a hypodermic needle. Instead of two sexes there will be four or five, adapted as in the ant-hill and the bee-hive for tasks of war, labor, reproduction. With seeming approval the author notes the ant custom of snipping off the heads of warriors when campaigns are over. Though there will be a number of sexes, by A.D. 4000 there will be only One Great Race, "with a pale coffee-coloured skin, mongoloid eyes, rather shorter than the average Englishman of today."



JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

All of which this ingenious writer gets from a study of the ant and the bee, with a side-glance at flipper-winged penguins on the Antarctic ice. The insects have practised the social habit for twenty million generations. The laws of environment have shaped them as they shape everything. Man is "one of the less successful slaves of universal law," a sluggard who should go to the ant, as Solomon admonished him. Ants and bees have learned how to live together; lest he perish, man must, and after the insect pattern.

"The historian, whether of the past or future, is not an advocate," says the author. Judged by that standard, the title of this volume is irony, perhaps unconscious, for the book reads like a tract —so much overdone as to defeat its own object—written, part of it, in the quasi-anarchist atmosphere of Barcelona at war; the rocket's red glare falls on its opening lines. To write the history of the future one must be able to judge present and past with some approach to fairness. Mr. Langdon-Davies has not done so. While he has chapter after chapter of attack on democracy, he assumes without argument the immense and unqualified success of communist Russia, has only one or two extenuating phrases about its barbarities and failures, ignores the fact that its standard of living is not one-seventh as high as our own, slurs over the fact that the dictatorships of the world are hard up and the democracies possessed of nearly all its money and credit, and most of its resources.

Those "inexorable laws" of which the author speaks are only men's tools, by themselves created; the trend whose shadow he would cast for two thousand years ahead is mainly his own reading of a seven-year depression and of the inventive processes of one generation. Yet he would make all future generations dance on the needlepoint of a moment in time. He cannot forecast inventions to come, and certainly he misreads the lesson of the automobile. Made by men receiving top wages, progressively bettered in construction and lowered in price, owned by nearly every American family, it is product, symbol, and support of "rugged individualism" and a destructive commentary on the author's prophecies.

Such books as his seem to come naturally from Englishmen, whose talents at gloomy fantasy are considerable. In turn they have viewed with alarm the man who quacks in his speech, the man who wears his shirt outside his pants, "the bear that walks like a man," the man who walks like a goose, the man who flies down from Mars.

That "A Short History of the Future" is just grim spoofing, there is no textual evidence at all, except that once "democracy" is printed in quotes. Thus set off, democracy may be defined as the author's conception of a state of society in which books like his are printed as a matter of course, instead of a news item headlined, "The Author Died at Dawn."

Clark B. Firestone is the author of "Coasts of Illusion."

The Art of Ridicule

RHYME AND PUNISHMENT. By Leonard Bacon. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT M. GAY

THE works of Leonard Bacon now fill some ten volumes, an impressive accomplishment and almost unique in our time, because his poetry is of a type that has been nearly extinct during the present century. His field is that of satiric fantasy, a kind of writing that has its roots very deep in the past. As he himself says, he is indebted to "a hundred writers, living or dead, famous or otherwise."

LEONARD BACON

For the art of ridicule is one which is peculiar in that, while its subjects are always contemporary, its methods and machinery are likely to be very old. The reason for this is that verse satire is a difficult and professional art, demanding tried methods and finished technique.

If we want to hit anything good and hard, from a golf-ball to the universe, we need a good stance, aim, and swing. Anybody can lay about, trusting to nature, and may land an occasional lucky hit; but to make every blow tell requires form and training. Confronted by big and vague things, like institutions or general foolishness, most of us can do nothing but groan and swear. But it was long ago discovered that swearing and groaning do not bother the body politic or the vested interests at all. A sharper weapon is needed to puncture pachyderms; and this was found in ridicule. But amateur ridicule, though sometimes sharp is seldom keen and never sustained. The professional satirist can register more hits because he has not only found a place to shoot from but has developed a machinery and ammunition. For this reason we ought to cherish our satirists much more than we do.

"Rhyme and Punishment" is not one of Mr. Bacon's Big Berthas: it is rather a little sharp-shooting on the side. But I suspect—and hope—that it will attract more readers than his longer works. He registers some good hits and brings down a few follies as they fly. I am afraid the follies aren't permanently dead, but nobody can blame him for that. He has a good eye for fakes and foolishness and, like his Uncle Frank, whom he mentions, is "a magnificent hater." The objects of his special dislike here are such things as psycho-analysts, modernist poets, dicta-

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Letters to the Editor: *Reading in Montana; Books about Ireland*

Mu and Vardis Fisher

SIR:—Yes, we in Montana read too, though we haven't a bookstore in the state—a real one, that is. The Trade is limited to a "line" of books carried in connection with fishing tackle, crockery, "Giftes," office supplies & etc. But, sir, literature is life.

We have some reading peculiarities which may be worthy of your attention. Notable among them is the fact that our Women's Clubs review such esoteric works as those on MU, The Lost Atlantis, and others. Our women, you see, go to Southern California to absorb culchoor.

Aside from these, and the works of Charlie Russell, our reading is much the same as elsewhere, I believe. A "little" magazine is published in the state, but is very little read, perhaps deservedly. Vardis Fisher, though he recently taught at the State University, is outnumbered 6-1 by MU at the local bookshoppe. . . .

ROBERT DAVEE.

Helena, Mont.

Not a Bad Idea

SIR:—The recurring storms of correspondence which fill your "Letters to the Editor" page whenever you assign a book about Ireland (fiction or otherwise) to an Irishman for review leads one exhausted reader to suggest that when the next book about the Distressful County appears you give it to a neutral authority—preferably a little dark man named Cohen.

SHADRAC NI-BEDNIGO.

Red Bank, N. J.

Under Forty

SIR:—We of the under-forty generation believe that Miss Cather is not doing us justice when she says that we confine our interest to contemporary writers and that such people as Sarah Orne Jewett or Robert Browning seem hundreds of years away from us. For all their societies did Browning's contemporaries understand him better than we do—or enjoy him more?

We believe that we do other things besides building garages. We read Miss Cather as well as Mr. Faulkner and like them both, in different ways though it be.

Did Miss Cather half expect these objections? At all events we hope that she did—that she had at least that much understanding of us.

LAURA SPEYERS.

Boston, Mass.

"This, My Brother"

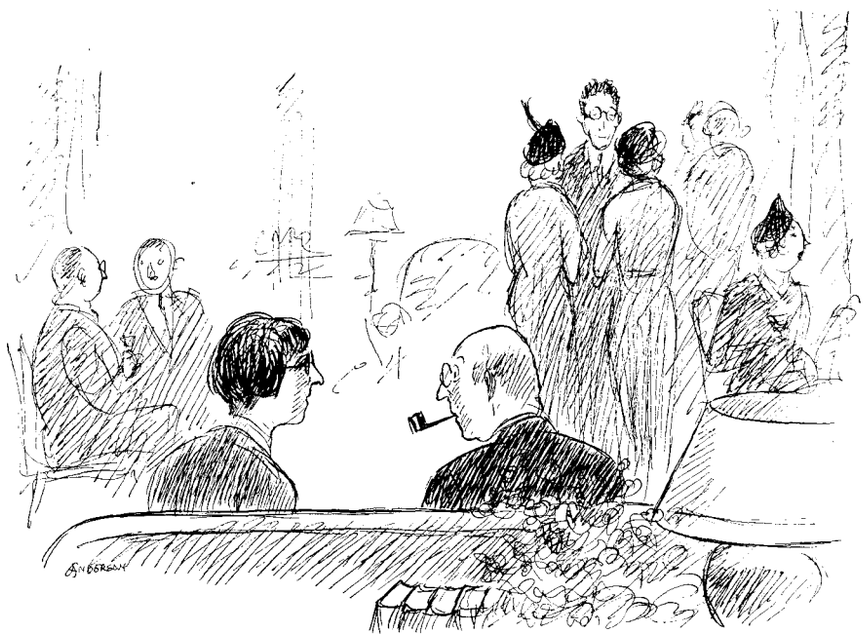
SIR:—It is necessary to correct you on a statement in the November 28th issue of *The Saturday Review*.

On page 8, it is remarked that the Midwest Literary League indorsed the publication of John Rood's novel, "This, My Brother."

The commentator confused the Midwest Literary League with the Midwest Federation of Arts and Professions, which not only indorsed Rood's novel but published it, as the first in a series of publications. The Federation also publishes *Midwest—A Review*.

The editors of *Midwest—A Review* would appreciate it if the correction is made.

RICHARD LEEKLY, *Associate*.
Midwest,
Minneapolis, Minn.



"THEIR MARRIAGE DIDN'T WORK, BUT SHE GOT THE CHILDREN AND HE GOT A NOVEL OUT OF IT."

O'Neill Again

SIR:—After having read the letters printed in the Dec. 5th issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, I cannot help commenting on this controversy over the recent award of the Nobel Prize to Eugene O'Neill. And I may as well say from the start that my letter cannot be classified among the "recruits for the minority."

Leaving aside from the question, for the moment, the article by Mr. DeVoto, which started the controversy, I can safely say that most of the letters were silly, asinine thrusts at O'Neill that are mainly unfounded as well as unfair. I refer especially to the letters signed by Howard M. Jones and by Lloyd Emerson Siberell. To call Eugene O'Neill a "fake philosopher" and "one who has passed so long as a literary idol with the hero worshipping, brainless mob," is just to generalize in a ridiculous fashion. Mr. Elmer Davis's letter takes the cake by its implication that the Nobel Prize committee awarded the prize both to Lewis and to O'Neill not for their literary art, but for the fact that they are American, and therefore different and "unique." I may have misunderstood Mr. Davis's intentions, but surely neither his letter nor any of the others deals with the question in the objective manner and with the same perspective with which Mr. DeVoto wrote his article, "Minority Report." Whatever one might say against the latter—and Mr. Nathan has said enough, despite injecting a subject Mr. DeVoto hardly discussed: the play *vs.* the novel—it, at least, gave facts about O'Neill's art most of which could hardly be disputed. Despite exaggerating the faults of O'Neill and minimizing his "great dramatic talent," he dealt with O'Neill's work in a scholarly and chronological manner which even O'Neill fans (of whom I am an ardent one), without bias, "hero-worship," or envy, could take without offense. The latter is my explanation for the lack of response by readers in the matter of rushing "in defense" of O'Neill after your article.

JOSEPH SEGAL.

New York City.

(*Unless a contribution of transcendent brilliance arrives, this will be all on O'Neill.—The Editors.*)

Whitman

SIR:—I am writing a biography of Walt Whitman. Whitman material of unusual biographical significance would be greatly appreciated.

Also I am looking for periodical and translation items to complete a bibliography of all material by or about Whitman that may be of interest or significance. Complete details of publication (time, place, number of pages, etc.), are desired. I should be especially grateful for any information about translations of Whitman into Slavic and Latin languages, as well as Oriental editions, or translations of selections. Articles and reviews, as well as books about Whitman in foreign languages, will be included.

CLIFTON JOSEPH FURNESS.
New England Conservatory of Music,
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The History of a Mind

THE MIND AND ART OF JONATHAN SWIFT. By Ricardo Quintana. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. $3.75.

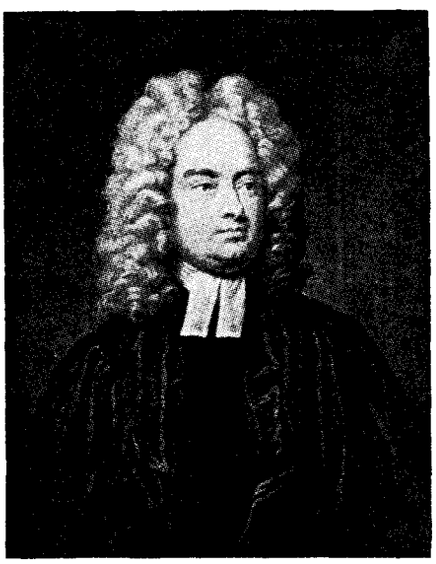
Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

IN one of the best studies of Swift recently to appear, Mr. Quintana traces the intellectual history of the great dean and seeks to exhibit a consistent philosophic outlook in his writings, arising, he thinks, from the fact that Swift came to intellectual maturity at a single bound. "With Swift," he says, "the full current is thrown on instantly." Mr. Quintana therefore early establishes Swift's controlling ideas, which are a neo-classical hatred of "enthusiasm," a kind of philosophic equalitarianism, anti-intellectualism, and a negative philosophy of history. One of the virtues of the volume is the patient analysis of the numerous pamphlets which Swift wrote, curiously ignored by critics of Swift, and restored by Mr. Quintana to an important place in Swift's intellectual history. He also devotes much space to Swift's poetry. No previous study has given a more lucid and intelligent view of the writings of the great Irishman.

The method is then excellent and often penetrating; it has, however, the defects of its qualities, one of them being that although the intellectual history of the dean is skilfully outlined, his personal and private life is left thin and meagre. Some of the puzzles of Swift biography Mr. Quintana dismisses a touch too easily. The Vanessa episode, he says, lends itself to no "assured interpretation," though it "fills us with a great compassion." Certain that Swift did not marry Stella, he says that Swift and Stella "lived with superb pride by the code of rational conduct" and that no one "has ever suggested a really plausible motive" for their marriage. No one has ever suggested a really plausible motive for their not marrying; and though the reviewer is no wiser than Mr. Quintana, he feels that in these and other episodes there is an accumulating emotional tension evident in Swift's life, which certainly colors his writing and which Mr. Quintana's study does not allow for.

Mr. Quintana is a doughty defender of his hero. He offers no source or reason for the scatalogical parts of Swift's works beyond saying that they "supplement in their strange fashion" certain ideas in Swift's philosophy—"moral realism, not cynicism," according to Mr. Quintana. Few readers of Swift but feel that some abnormal emotional strain drove him from time to time into verbal filth. More debatable, however, are Mr. Quintana's judgments on "A Tale of a Tub" and on Swift's poetry. He tells us that "Gulliver's Travels" is inferior to the earlier satire and that, even if the last two parts of "Gulliver" were brought into closer accord with the rest, it must have remained inferior to "A Tale of a Tub" since "its matter could not give rise to that intellectually rigorous form and meaning which made Swift's early satire an incomparably brilliant achievement." Rereading "A Tale of a Tub," I find it a collection of fragments, some of them brilliant; and, Mr. Quintana to the contrary notwithstanding, I find the religious allegory more artificial and self-conscious than anything in "Gulliver." I even venture to suggest that Swift left it a fragment because the allegorical scheme became unmanageable.

Mr. Quintana is right in giving detailed attention to Swift's verses, but I wish he had restrained his judgments more carefully. Phrases like "exquisite polish," "parody so consummate," "verse which the best might be proud to own," "extraordinary quality," "masterly compositions," and "magnificent portrait" are flung about with an abandon at variance with Mr. Quintana's usual caution. The reader begins to wonder why criticism has been so long blind to a major English poet! That Swift mastered a kind of versifying adequate for his purposes is true, but Dryden was essentially correct in telling him he would never be a poet. In Swift verse becomes an admirable instrument for a great prose artist, but Mr. Quintana leaves me unconvinced, even within the canons of eighteenth-century satire, that Swift's work in this vein is comparable either to his prose or to that of poets contemporary with him. His verse is always a conscious *tour de force;* he lacked those intuitive metrical felicities which distinguish Pope or even a writer like Johnson.



DEAN SWIFT
From Cunliffe's "Pictured Story of English Literature" (Appleton-Century)

But my differences with Mr. Quintana's vigorous judgments are the measure of my tribute to his able and intelligent book. It is a work carefully wrought and broadly based. The author has a point of view which he has reached by thoughtful analysis, and which really brings Swift into unity. The study reënforces the belief that American scholarship can be an aid to intelligent criticism; it not only justifies itself as a book about Swift, but it also justifies the discipline out of which it has arisen.

Howard Mumford Jones is professor of English at Harvard University.

Paul Elmer More and Moral Nihilism

ON BEING HUMAN. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS is the third volume of Mr. More's new series of the Shelburne Essays. It consists of a number of lectures and essays, of which I shall neglect all but two, since these illustrate concretely the scholarship, the philosophy, and the penetration which lie behind Mr. More's long-standing reputation as a critic.

It happens that these two critiques deal with the two men who probably have been generally regarded by this generation as their most significant literary masters: Marcel Proust and James Joyce. And Mr. More's discussions of their work are frankly his last word of praise and blame upon what we have agreed to call modernism and what later ages will know as either the hall mark or the aberration, or both, of the early twentieth century.

Mr. More is known as a humanist conservative. In these essays, however, his approach is not that of a man with a thesis, but rather of a sympathetic lover of all the arts of literature. He is fascinated by Joyce's verbal agility; he admires without reserve Proust's delicate skill in the evocation of the past. He does not let either the failure of communication in certain passages of "Ulysses," or the fine spun monotony of so many pages of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" confuse or prejudice his judgment as to the consummate powers of their authors. He is willing to delve for meanings, and finds them; is willing to estimate as well as define the intellectual pleasure of moderns who have found in Proust and Joyce a stimulus which no earlier work can give them.

But his conclusion is not doubtful. Both "Ulysses" and "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" he puts in one category—excessive naturalism, at the end of the cul-de-sac, at the bottom of the pit. Both men

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are great moralists—Joyce especially. Both men have given up surety in any philosophy of living which rests on a foundation more solid than the stream of consciousness or recollection. Both men are behaviorists (the word is mine not Mr. More's, but I think he would agree), and justify their impassioned study of life only by the accuracy of its observations. They differ sharply in that Proust works through symbols, his whole edifice of an artificial society constructed from the memory being symbolical in its repetitions, its characteristic reactions, its contrasts; while Joyce records more directly the stream of consciousness in its last intricate detail. But since both are recorders only, believing in no principle guiding life, no principle toward which life aspires, both find what they seek, a chaos. But this is not all: both, like all honest observers of life who see only "the horror of utter disorder behind the illusion of decency and stability," both find at last that "the final reality of nature" is "something so loathsome that man is relieved of the burden of loyalty to any authority outside himself." Hence the scenes of utter cruelty in which Proust's great novel culminates, and the horrible obscenity of the key chapters in "Ulysses." Naturalism carried to its logical conclusion in a desperate exaltation of irresponsibility, and in a ruthless exposure of the horrors of a life without significance beyond its happenings, is the final definition of the greatest artists in fiction of our time.

It is not necessary to accept Mr. More's dualism in order to agree with this conclusion, and to say that he, better than any other critic, has explained the significance of these writers in fiction regarded as an attitude toward life. And he is unquestionably right also in maintaining that the fascination of these men for the modern mind is explained by the chaotic and skeptical character of that mind itself.

But he is on shakier ground when he intimates that neither Joyce nor Proust can expect a long duration of an art so nihilistic in its philosophy of life. There is more than "guessing why one incident succeeds another" in the intellectual pleasure many take in reading Joyce. It is not true that the philosophy of a great work of art determines its length of life. It may condition, but it does not determine, its excellence. Other factors enter there—in which the exquisite skill of these writers is one. Here Mr. More, in damning the artist because of his creed, is echoing Emerson and Thoreau and Carlyle and those other moralist-critics who would not believe that there is any excellent beauty which is not at the same time moral. It seems probable that Proust and Joyce both represent a decadence in which life has no order because no order is sought but only disintegration. But even moral nihilism may have, and has here, its great art.

Stockbroker Gone Berserk

PAUL GAUGUIN'S INTIMATE JOURNALS. Translated by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Crown Publishers. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by VIRGINIA NIRDLINGER

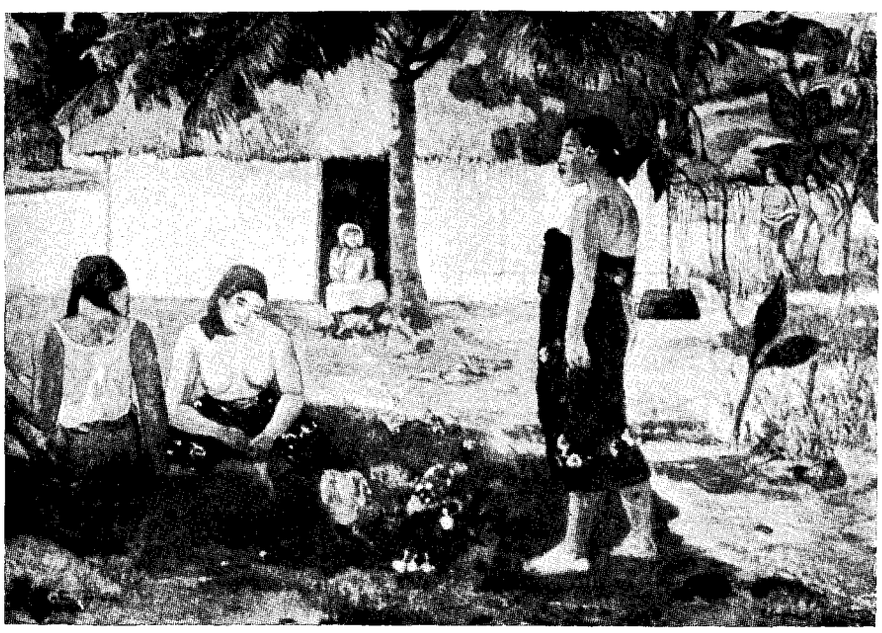
THE reasons why time has dealt less kindly with Paul Gauguin than with his victim, Van Gogh, will be found in the pages of these inconsequential reminiscences to which ten color plates and numerous halftone reproductions of indifferent drawings and sketches add their damning testimony.

Gauguin, whom his son Emil describes as a "commonplace" stockbroker gone berserk, contrived with the aid of sensational advertising and an exotic setting, to catapult himself into a prominent place among his more sound and solid contemporaries. His success was largely due to his shallow, sensual, arrogant spirit, which knew neither reticence nor humility, and to his genius for publicity. While Seurat at the Grande Jatte was quietly combining his profound feeling for form with the pointillist technique, and Van Gogh, at Arles, was bravely burning his candle at both ends, Paul Gauguin fled overseas to set up his colossal canvases in the Marquesas. There the handsome indigenes offered him both picturesque and patient models and the only kind of sex life of which this adolescent was capable. The lovely girls satisfied his sensuality as the languid climate soothed his irritable nerves and in spite of the syphilis which finished him, it is to the inspiration of the South Seas that his latter canvases owe whatever may be their claim to distinction. That they are superior to the tamer productions of the Pont Aven period there is no doubt. Whenever Gauguin was content to forgo a hocum kind of symbolism and set down, in all their splendid simplicity, the magnificent Maoris, he produced works, which if they fall something short of great art, are at least glowing and pleasurable reminders of a lost way of life.

To Gauguin's credit be it said that he deplored the passing of his Island paradise for more than selfish reasons. His letters arraigning the corruption of the native police, the collusion of the visiting French magistrates, and his indignation at the terrorist policies of the Church offer some justification for the publication of these otherwise jejune Journals.

But Gauguin lacked both the disinterested sincerity of the genuine reformer and the sustained drive and vision of the authentic artist. Caught within the narrow circle of his consuming ego, he burned himself out, not like Van Gogh, in a clean and consuming flame, but in his little hates and petty passions. Compared with the tormented Van Gogh he considered himself mature, at the same time admitting that "he [Vincent] was so confident, so calm, I so uncertain, so uneasy." Why not, since it takes more than what he has recorded to justify an artist's existence?

Judging from the tolerant tone of the Preface by his son Emil, Paul Gauguin's children have found time to forgive this remiss pater familias. Except for a dozen canvases, of which those reproduced from the collections of the Louvre, the Worcester Art Museum, and the collection of Mr. and Mrs. William Church Osborn are representative, it seems safe to assume that the world is about due to forget him.



"OH, YOU'RE JEALOUS" (NO TE AHA OE RIRI)
Painting by Gauguin in the Art Institute of Chicago.

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Progress in Mexico

MEXICO: A REVOLUTION BY EDUCATION. By George I. Sanchez. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

WHEN Mexico's armed Revolution ended in 1920, education was stagnant. There were practically no rural schools. In the towns, teaching was a matter of hide-bound formalism; under jurisdiction of various states or municipalities, each with different requirements, teachers could do no more than function in a sort of social vacuum. Indeed, it had occurred to very few that they should do anything else.

In 1921, however, President Obregon changed all that. He established the first Federal Secretariat of Education with Jose Vasconcelos as its head. Vasconcelos was that rare enthusiast who knows what he wants and how to go after it. With the slogan *"Educar es redimir"*—"To educate is to redeem"—as his war-cry, he set to work. And when he spoke of "redeeming," it was the Indian he meant.

He faced a difficult problem. There were no trained teachers. There was no definite plan. He had no administrative machinery; the whole task had to be undertaken from scratch. His answer was the creation of "Cultural Missions." The success of that inspired scheme is best shown by a table the author prints in this book. The first Cultural Mission, created to educate Indians and train teachers at the same time, held one Institute in 1923, in one State, with 147 future teachers in attendance. In 1935 there were eighteen such Missions, covering twenty States; they held seventy-five Institutes and 4,494 teachers attended.

It is the story of this extraordinary progress that Dr. Sanchez tells in this book, which was written under a grant from the Julius Rosenwald Fund, though it is not a publication of that Fund but the author's own presentation of his findings and opinions on his own responsibility.

The original problem, of course, was immensely complicated by the fact that about 15% of the population spoke Indian languages, and that of this group only 53% spoke any Spanish.

The word "group," however, is misleading. Actually the Mexican Indians are divided into thirteen general linguistic classes. There is also a multitude of tribes and clans speaking many strange tongues and dialects, scattered through jungles and forests, separated by impassable *barrancas*, parched plains, mountain peaks. Added to this was the obstacle of class difference. As the author writes, "The Mexican people did not know what they wanted. In fact, the Mexicans, as a People, have not existed."

How the plan succeeded is the burden of Dr. Sanchez's narrative.

The *misioneros* were really promoters; their job was to sell education to the Indians. In their groups were soap-makers, tanners, carpenters, teachers of domestic science, hygiene, and sanitation. From the beginning, the idea was general cultural advancement on all fronts. These pioneers might establish a marketing association or a school for painting. They might find themselves teaching music or weaving or the proper method for digging a proper latrine. Their first job was to gain the confidence of the villager. After that their job was to make the school a community affair, not merely a house for instruction. Education included everything that had to do with living; it had to.

Eventually, out of this groundwork came the socialist schools, established in districts sufficiently advanced or already more urban and literate. Their object was and is to teach ideas. It is hard for most American minds to adjust to the notion of a school concerning itself with social or economic reforms, and under a federal rather than a state regime at that. But Dr. Sanchez shows that this was the setup necessary under the Mexican scheme of things. Education in the Mexican socialist school is not a formal system, carried on in a deliberately purified environment; it is, as in the Cultural Missions, a part of the real-life process within the life of the school's community.

There has been difficulty arising from the violent separation of Church and State in Mexico; Dr. Sanchez grants this. But it is interesting to note that he sees signs of this condition bettering itself. Already, he says, educational leaders are realizing that while government marches on the ground of safe historical precedent when it limits opposition to the Church to the question of political autonomy, intrusion into religious fields is of no value to a general federal program for education. As to the success of the system so far, Dr. Sanchez demonstrates beyond doubt that it has become the greatest single force in Mexico.

I Am the Horseman

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

I AM the horseman you noticed across the prairie,
I am what made you say:
How beautiful
To ride so far away into the blueness . . .

Yet I have buckled one hole instead of another
In the throat-latch of the bridle of a horse
As if one hole in a strap were a doom or a sunrise.

And I have charged and overcharged until
They gasp with love and cry to stop, these ranges,
And slowed them to the lift of a coffin hinge.

Nothing you name is alien to these pressures:
The wars, the manifestos, distributions,
The old transgression of the grass across
The lovers and the skulls of lovers . . . nothing . . .
I scuff them down the prongs of rabbit brush,
All silvering the wind, all yellow gone.

The glance I give the twisting of a hoof
In the pennycress is as old a glance a man
Can give the earth.
Who has seen more a morning
Into battle or an evening coming home
Along Scamander or the Little Big Horn?

For who has changed the nature of a sunflower?
By what apportionment of blood? What whispering
Above the poised spear to split the breast?

Here in the loneliness of cottonwoods
Oh, I have overthrown the world with you;
I've propped your bleeding head, the last flag passes:

What is the meaning of the sage brush now?
What is the policy of the councillors
Now if the crotch of a tree outgrows a boy?
If an old man stares at a falling leaf at sundown?

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The Man Who Did What He Wanted

(*Continued from page 4*)

session and thus exaggerated; but for this very reason he became a type, an archetype, I believe, of one species of the human temperament. There have always been men like Thoreau, with a consuming passion for the wild—some hunters, some fishers, some scientists; most, however, not any of these things, but only men and women whose hearts are healed by intimate contact with the fields, the waters, the woods. In literature they have many spokesmen:—Virgil, Chaucer in his mood and Shakespeare in his, Herbert, Walton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Jefferies—the list could be indefinitely extended. What I wish to emphasize is that of them all, Thoreau's is the purest, the strongest, and the clearest devotion, and the most consistently articulate. He is the type poet-naturalist, as Montaigne is the type humanist, Pepys the type gossip, Milton the type Puritan, Shakespeare and Leonardo da Vinci the types of universal mind. This is his eminent distinction as man of letters, precisely as his resolve to come out and learn how to do what he wished is his distinction as a modern seer and homely philosopher.

What he did is a little different from what he wished to do. I think he would have gladly admitted (at least toward the end of his life), what I assert here, that a great part of his rambling and much of his intimate study of grasses, moonlight, pines, and the rivers of Concord, was pure pleasure and done as such. He wanted to do it, and he would have done it had the desire to write never turned over in his mind.

Yet his controlling purpose, which becomes clearer and clearer as one reads on in his "Journal," was first to make himself an intimate of nature and then to set forth in words the "perfect correspondence of Nature to man." Not sentimentally, although he was subject to ecstasy in the presence of natural beauty. Not scientifically, although with pain, with crude instruments and imperfect books, and ever held back from easy knowledge by his reluctance to destroy life, he acquired an amazing competence in botany, discovered the law of the succession of forest trees, made what is probably the most complete calendar of the seasons for a given locality, and acquired the materials for a natural history of man in Concord which his life was too short to make into a book.

What he accomplished was to pull together two books, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" and "Walden," of which the latter fully expresses his genius, and the former, though badly edited, should have been enough to make the reputation of any writer. In addition he prepared, though not for final publication, three travel books on a new plan. And finally he drew from his "Journal" for lectures which finally became essays, handfuls of assembled ideas of which "Civil Disobedience" in his philosophic vein, and "Wild Apples" in his mood of a shrewd and passionate love for nature, have gone round the world.

Yet, "Walden" aside, the final purpose remained unachieved. His "Natural History of Men in Concord," as I have called it, or "The Concord Year," which would have been his more probable title, is still unquarried from the two million words of his Journal. His brave hope that since the poet was bound to write his own biography, a good journal was work enough for him to do (Walden Edition, x, 115), was belied by the vast extent, and repetitive and often confused nature of the material of his "Journal" itself, from which only the master's hand could make what should have been his definitive book.

Henry Thoreau was always groping for a form in which to cast his abundant materials. He thought, as I have said elsewhere, by paragraphs and sentences, and these, indeed, are, with the rarest exceptions, finished and usually final in his "Journal," which is no hasty record of recent impressions, but careful writing that is usually a rewriting of earlier notes. He found such a form for "Walden," which is sufficiently held together by its idea of simplifying life, but even "Walden" is overstuffed with observation the purpose of which is clear only in the light of his great project of the history of man in relation to Concord nature and of Concord nature in relation to man. But what he chiefly lacked was time. His method of literary work was laborious in the extreme. Far from being the idler that Stevenson thought him, his daily time schedule would shame a New York lawyer. In addition to pencil making, surveying, and the family chores, which, when a garden was to be made or the pig brought back to his pen, were not inconsiderable, he kept as rigorously as he could to his scheme of a daily ramble of three hours or so, or a cruise on the river, which was often supplemented by a dawn or midnight excursion. These trips were his laboratory, and his reports, written usually in the field, sometimes at night, and rewritten and supplemented with scrupulous care for truth and expression in his "Journal," represent in themselves a high-pressure stint of daily composition. To this was to be added reading and study, both extensive. For his books more time had to be found somehow—and was best found by him in his sojourn at Walden Pond. These books, like Emerson's, were made up from journals—from sentences and paragraphs sometimes scattered over years which must be brought together, related, remoulded, and given coherence and a final unity. I can imagine no more laborious or time-consuming method of preparing for publication.

This is the real explanation of the disparity between Thoreou's fame and the number of his completed books of major quality. After "Walden" he never completed a book, although he left much assembled material for essays or travel books that needed only editing by another hand. He died at 44, still hard at work upon the background of humanity in Concord.

But he found somehow and never spared time and energy for his style. The books waited while he labored upon his paragraphs. Style, as such, Thoreau affected to despise, believing that words were nothing without real life behind them. I say affected, because if Henry Thoreau had a weakness it was for fine words, especially when they had the gristle of felt experience in them. He loved bravura also, even impudence in language. Nevertheless his Yankee sense, and perhaps his close reading of the classics, led him straight and true here as elsewhere. Thoreau's best prose is as good as any written in his century. In its directness, which is sometimes homely and sometimes eloquent, in its curt, vigorous rhythms, its delight in racy words, its wit, it is the best American prose ever written, and as American as it is good. The tradition of homely wisdom, compressed and pointed in a phrase which flows through him is still alive in "The People, Yes" of Carl Sandburg, published in 1936. He could tell a story, he could make an epigram, he could invent an unexpected figure, he could handle the rhythm of a paragraph until it seemed that not the wording but the thought was musical; yet his great distinction is in those subtly phrased and almost insolently beautiful passages of poetic prose in which his ecstasy blends with ruthless realism to make sentences that only an inhabitant of the confident nineteenth century, only a native of God-charged New England, only an independent Yankee, and usually only Thoreau could have written. As in the justly famous passage from "Walden"—

> If you stand right fronting and face to face to a fact, you will see the sun glimmer on both its surfaces, as if it were a cimiter, and feel its sweet edge dividing you through the heart and marrow, and so you will happily conclude your mortal career. Be it life or death, we crave only reality. If we are really dying, let us hear the rattle in our throat and feel the cold in the extremities; if we are alive, let us go about our business.

Here then is a type of world mind, vigorously shaped, perfectly developed according to its own laws, and made completely articulate in and through the little town of Concord.

This essay in slightly different form will be published as an Introduction to "The Works of Henry D. Thoreau," Edited and Selected by Henry Seidel Canby (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

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The Stream of Story-Telling

AMERICAN FICTION. By Arthur Hobson Quinn. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. FORSYTHE

THIS is a thick and weighty volume. Its text runs to 723 pages, to which are added forty-six pages of bibliography and thirty-two of an excellent index. Its author has courageously and perhaps wisely chosen to "treat in one volume the novel and the short story." This choice helps to account for the fact that almost 300,000 words are used in discussing a branch of literature which has existed in this country for little more than a century and a half. At least 114 authors receive sufficient attention to entitle them to bibliographical apparatus. The book is, in short, the most ambitious work upon its subject that has as yet appeared.

"American Fiction" is not a book to be read steadily; rather it is a work to be consulted. It is a volume which should be available for reference in every public library which is visited by students of American fiction, and it should be owned by all persons who are interested in the novel and short story of the United States.

Dean Quinn has apparently modelled his book upon that very useful old work, Chambers' "Cyclopaedia of English Literature." He has gone down through American literature from about 1770 to 1920 (often to 1935, in fact), picking out the writers of fiction whom he thinks worthy of discussion and has dealt with them in what approaches chronological order, although not without an effort at placing various authors together according to their common aims or similarity in technique. These groups of fiction writers are generally introduced to the reader with a page or two of generalities —either in the form of definitions or of historical discussion.

There are many matters in "American Fiction" which merit favorable mention. Dr. Quinn, for instance, makes an excellent point when he emphasizes the native origin of much of Poe's fiction. The fact is, of course, that few of Poe's "interpreters" have had enough imagination themselves to follow him. And certain of Dr. Quinn's judgments provoke one's positive enthusiasm, as those upon "Janice Meredith" and upon Winston Churchill's productions. His estimate of the novels of Edgar W. Howe as in every way mediocre is likewise to be applauded. His praise of De Forest, one hopes, may lead readers to the work of that unjustly neglected writer.

But these and many other examples of sound literary judgment do not mean that "American Fiction" is beyond adverse criticism, for it is not. Objections can be raised to its plan, to the fashion in which its plan is developed, to the material included and, as well, to the material excluded. The style, also, demands some consideration.

Some of the shortcomings of the book are due to the mechanical succession in chronological order of short biographical sketches, with more or less brief critical pronouncements followed by summaries of novels and short stories. This arrangement soon becomes monotonous; and when there is a neglect of cross-reference and of comparison and contrast, the result is a confusion of authors, titles, and opinions. Nothing emerges clear-cut, and the interrelation of types and of writers is left for the reader to work out for himself, if he can and will.

Furthermore, Dean Quinn has handled American fiction as if it had developed in complete isolation from the rest of the world, cut off, that is to say, from all intercourse with British and other foreign literatures. Very little account is taken of the efforts of American writers to follow European fashions in fiction writing, either by direct imitation of manner and material or by the attempt to adapt foreign methods to native materials. Where any consideration of these is to be found, it is usually incidental, as in the question of the inspiration for Cooper's "Precaution." Again the discussion of the origin and rise of the several types of fiction which he identifies is quite inadequate,—indeed it is often practically lacking.

There are certain types of fiction which Dean Quinn has barely touched. He practically ignores the propaganda novel, except where he has had to consider examples of it among the works of Mrs. Stowe and in those of Bellamy. For example, Hildreth's "The White Slave" has a few words, but otherwise the fiction which deals with the slavery question is unnoticed, save as it occurs in the shape of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Dred." As serious an omission is that of the less specialized social novels of the '40's and '50's, when American writers, under the influence of Dickens, Bulwer, and Sue, were trying to rival them in the exposure of abuses. Nor do we see Dr. Quinn giving any space to the earlier satirical fiction as such, in spite of its abundance during the first century of American independence.

Some important questions in literary history are passed over too hastily. Among these is the matter of realism in fiction. According to Dr. Quinn, Howells planted the seeds of realism. But in fact long before Howells's time, there had been an abundance of realism in the American novel and short story. These earlier manifestations of realism deserve the careful examination and consideration which they do not receive in Dr. Quinn's book. And the closely related subject of local color also should have the treatment which its presence in the productions of Seba Smith and in those of the contributors to *The Spirit of the Times* and similar journals calls for. The long debate as to the use of American or foreign setting should likewise have attention. The reader of "American Fiction" will search unsuccessfully for any discussion of the relation between the output of fiction and the publication of magazines and newspapers. Nor does Dr. Quinn take up the question of competition between American fiction writers and foreigners whose books in pirated or cheap authorized editions were republished in this country. These surely are matters which should be handled in a history of American fiction. And as they are not, I do not find Dean Quinn quite fulfilling that duty of the historian which he states, somewhat obscurely perhaps, as being the relation "of an artistic form to American life, social, economic, and political."

Selection of material was necessary in this book. But I question certain of Dr. Quinn's selections. I fear that he has omitted various writers whom he should have included and has discussed some whom he might better have passed over. And he has given undue prominence to some very minor figures in American literature. I can give no better example of over-emphasis than in the allotment of eleven pages to the popular but unimportant Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. It might be suggested here that had the somewhat superfluous summaries of novels and short stories been excised, Dr. Quinn would have had more space for the discussion of the forgotten men and women who deserve inclusion in it.

Criticism of style is a delicate matter, Recognizing this fact, I must say, however, that "American Fiction," even to a person deeply interested in its subject, is anything but easy reading. One need not and does not expect the height of literary grace in a scholarly treatise, but one may reasonably hope that its English will be smooth, clear, and lively. I do not think that these qualities are always present in Dean Quinn's book.

At many points in "American Fiction," I have found occasion for disagreement with its author. The book is, however, far from being a bad one; it simply could have been better. In spite of its shortcomings, it is distinctly valuable to the student and to other readers who are seriously concerning themselves with the somewhat neglected field of American prose fiction. To those persons it is recommended.

Robert S. Forsythe is on the staff of the Newberry Library, Chicago.

A Novelist's Press

SAMUEL RICHARDSON: PRINTER AND NOVELIST. By Alan Dugald McKillop. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1936. $4.

EVEN Richardsonians may be skeptical regarding the need for another book on Richardson after M. Dottin's recent solid biography. This new study will allay that skepticism. Professor McKillop concentrates on the origin, development, and reception of the three novels of the great printer-novelist, and his narrative, based largely on contemporary fugitive literature, is both lively and scholarly. A friend writing to congratulate Richardson on "Pamela" expressed astonishment at "the Labours of the Press in Piracies, in Criticisms, in Cavils, in Panegyrics, in Supplements, in Imitations, in Transformations, in Translations, &c." This is an account of a novelist's press that makes those of our Mitchells and Morgans pale indeed.

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Richards on Rhetoric

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC. By I. A. Richards. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. $1.75.

Reviewed by KNOX CHANDLER

READERS familiar with Richards's theories will find little in these lectures (except, possibly, some new terminology and some new analyses in the chapters on metaphor) that they have not met before. He has tried to adapt to an undergraduate audience those results of his earlier thinking applicable to rhetoric. Briefly, he urges that the future of rhetoric lies in a study of the "causes and modes of the misinterpretation of words." All words, he maintains, are essentially metaphoric, ambiguity is an "inevitable consequence" and no fault therefore in language; indeed it is "the indispensable means of most of our most important utterances." "Rhetoric" must, therefore, "itself undertake its own inquiry into the modes of meaning—not only, as with the old rhetoric, on a macroscopic scale, discussing the effects of different disposals of large parts of a discourse—but also on a microscopic scale by using theorems about the structure of the fundamental conjectural units of meaning and the conditions through which they, and their interconnections [elsewhere "interinanimation"], arise." Richards's own emphasis is, as we now expect, exclusively on the "miscroscopic" approach.

The necessity for a more complete realization of the ambiguities of words and of the effect of their "interinanimation" can be soberly and clearly demonstrated; and one wishes that Richards would not sensationalize this necessity, even to undergraduates, by setting up a straw man to knock down—a straw man, further, which he recognizes as such. After spending some pages attacking The One and Only Proper Meaning Superstition (*i.e.*, the standard of usage), he says: "I had better cite you a sentence or two in evidence [that rhetoricians have been teaching that words are "good or bad, correct or incorrect, beautiful or ugly" without reference to the uses to which they are to be employed], or you may think I am inventing a ghost to exorcise." He thereupon quotes and ridicules a more or less contemporary rhetoric, afterwards recording: "I am anxious not to seem to be illustrating this sort of misunderstanding myself here, unwittingly, in my interpretation of this passage. I know well enough that the authors probably had in mind such incorrectness as occurs when people say 'ingenious' when they mean 'ingenuous'; and I know that the Usage Doctrine can be interpreted in several ways which make it true and innocuous." He has said elsewhere that a "controversy is normally an exploitation of a systematic set of misunderstandings for war-like purposes"; his attack on the Usage Doctrine is, in large part, a wilful instance of such controversy, and is damaging in its dogmatism to a worthy cause.

One wishes too, that Richards would not present exaggerated and extravagant claims for his Coleridgean approach—claims that are almost always unrealized. Richards is, in this, a great master of anti-climax. One instance: he leads his readers through several pages of theorizing difficult to follow and questionable in its psychological basis, to emerge with a "theorem" which he promises is of vital importance. Here it is: "a word means . . . the missing parts of the contexts from which it draws its delegated efficacy" (p. 35). Without pausing to explain the meaning of the various terms in the theorem, let us hasten on to the great truths to which it will lead us: "The office of the theorem is much more negative than positive; but it is not the less useful for that. It will not perhaps tell us how to do much that we cannot do without it already; but it will prevent us from doing stupid things which we are fond of doing" (p. 37). Surely this is anticlimatic, particularly when the enumerated "stupid things" it will prevent are things so stupid that no elaborate scientific or metaphysical analysis is necessary to reveal their stupidity.

The truth is, Richards's method of inquiry is one he himself suspects of being premature. A fair interpretation is that he here, as elsewhere, is only calling for help—not presenting a finished program—is asking for volunteers to assist his inquiry or further his thought. And he is justified, for, in spite of important reservations, I think he has seen glimpses of the sun through the fog—but the fog closes in too rapidly; he gets lost in a metaphysical haze. The pessimist, judging from practical results, has my sympathy if he contemptuously tosses the book aside; the optimist will either develop his own application of the neo-Coleridgean metaphysics or wait until Richards does.

Knox Chandler is a tutor in the English department at Harvard.

Footnotes to Housman

A. E. HOUSMAN: A Sketch. By A. S. F. Gow. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $1.75.

THE object of this book is to present a list of the writings of the author of "More Poems," together with indexes to his classical papers. "I do not," says the compiler, "think there is any lack of *pietas* in making the path easier for them [*i.e.*, classical scholars] nor should I have compiled this book unless I had felt some assurance that Housman would not have disapproved of it." Here then you can find, for one thing, a reliable Housman bibliography with regard to those writings of his which appeared in periodical publications and which he banned from collection or reprinting. To the lay reader, Mr. Gow's sketch of A. E. Housman, though chiefly from the point of view of his scholarship, will be of principal interest. It adds a little anecdotal material to the memories of him given to us by his brother, Laurence Housman. It proves him one of the first scholars of his time, who excelled as a critic of Latin texts and was a "bitter controversialist on subjects which the world in general regards as pedantic trifles." One gets a complete impression of the shyness of the man which hid much human warmth, of his desire to leave a name and, at the same time, his revulsion from the idea. Housman addicts will need this book.

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

MAN THE UNKNOWN. By Alexis Carrel. *Harpers.*

ARCTIC ADVENTURE. By Peter Freuchen. *Farrar & Rinehart.*

SALAH AND HIS AMERICAN. By Leland Hall. *Knopf.*

Sermons in Novels

W. H. B. of Minneapolis, Minn., *who is in the habit on occasion of using works of fiction as points of departure for Sunday evening sermons, would like the titles of a few novels which might serve for the purpose.*

I TAKE it for granted that W. H. B. wants books of fairly recent vintage and not those of an older time even though they may in their day have had wide currency and discussion. Only a few weeks ago appeared a tale with China for background and the missionary colony dividing honors with the native population for focus which might prove useful in pointing an address. This is Alice Tisdale Hobart's YANG AND YIN (Bobbs-Merrill), the work of an American who was long resident in China and who approaches its people and problems with sympathy and understanding. The strength of the novel lies less in its characterizations of individuals than in its projection of background which reveals the foreigner in his relation to the native population. Another novel, the scene of which is remote in time as well as space, but which has specific interest for a religious audience is Ruth Eleanor McKee's historical story, THE LORD'S ANOINTED (Doubleday, Doran). Here, centering interest on the figure of a young wife, she depicts with faithfulness and vigor the group of missionaries who in 1820 sailed from Boston for Hawaii and their settlement on the islands. The book is fair and open-minded, and good reading as well as good history. A second historical tale, correct in fact and moving as story, is Olive B. White's THE KING'S GOOD SERVANT (Macmillan) which takes Sir Thomas More for hero. A novel of entirely different kind which W. H. B. might find was grist for his mill is Thornton Wilder's HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION (Harpers), a study of a religious fanatic whose active employment of his principles thrusts him into all sorts of adventures. T. S. Eliot's MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL (Harcourt, Brace), drama, of course, not a novel, and not a play with the qualities of a detective tale as its title might suggest but a tragedy centering about the career of Thomas à Becket, might provide excellent material for W. H. B., and, finally, though it has no specifically religious interest I should think that Sinclair Lewis's IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE (Doubleday, Doran) with all that it contains of warning for a country still fortunately removed from the horrors of dictatorship, and full as it is of moral implications, ought to lend itself eminently to a sermon.

Government Ownership of Utilities

The Roslyn, L. I., Debate Club *is anxious to get the titles of books on the government ownership of electric utilities, suitable for High School students.*

If anyone doubts that public ownership of utilities is a matter of interest all that is necessary to be disabused of the idea is to consult a catalogue that indexes the subject. The difficulty, of course, so far as the Roslyn boys are concerned, is that most of the discussion on the subject is technical and designed for specialists. I've discovered two brief works, however, which ought to be simple enough for their purposes and which have the added advantage of being so inexpensive that the club could easily afford to buy either or both. One is a booklet entitled INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE REGULATION OF PUBLIC UTILITIES, by J. M. Hicks, issued by the National League of Women Voters, at twenty cents, and the other is Harry Laidler's PUBLIC OWNERSHIP HERE AND ABROAD which the League for Industrial Democracy publishes for fifteen cents. If the boys want something more comprehensive they might consult Carl Dean Thompson's PUBLIC OWNERSHIP (Crowell), a survey of public enterprises, municipal, state, and federal in the United States and elsewhere, or Edward Hungerford's A STUDY OF PUBLIC UTILITIES (Putnams). This last presents a brief historical survey but the body of the work is devoted to a study of the present status of public utilities. It is untechnical and readable.

Original Publication of "Pendennis"

J. L. of Brooklyn, N. Y., *wants to know when Thackeray's* PENDENNIS *was written, and when by whom it was first published.*

PENDENNIS was written and originally published in twenty-four monthly parts, appearing between November 1848 and December 1850. The publishers, Bradbury and Evans of London, brought it out in book form in 1850.

Private Press Books

K. W. of Orlando, Fla., *some time ago asked for a list of books for one interested in the operation of a small private press—books factual, inspirational, and entertaining, treating the subject in a manner similar to that of Morley's* PARNASSUS ON WHEELS *and* THE HAUNTED BOOKSHOP, *and Jenison's* SUNWISE TURN.

I consulted Carl Rollins, one of the conductors of our Compleat Collector columns, on the subject, and in reply got the following note:

Try your correspondent on Porter Garnett's THE IDEAL BOOK (Limited Editions) which has chapters on various aspects of handpress work. Richard LeGallienne wrote an article for George Macy (Limited Editions director and owner) entitled IN DEFENCE OF THE LIMITED EDITIONS or some such title. Mr. St. John Hornby has just issued a final treatise on the Ashendene Press.

If he has not already read them I should think that K. W. would find much what he wants in such books as Douglas McMurtrie's GOLDEN BOOK: THE STORY OF FINE BOOKS AND BOOKMAKING—PAST AND PRESENT (Covici-Friede) and William Dana Orcutt's IN QUEST OF THE PERFECT BOOK (Little, Brown).

W. J. H. writes from Dayton, Ohio, in connection with the request for titles on the Arrowhead country of Michigan, not long since printed here: "Don't fail to include in your list Paul de Kruif's SEVEN IRON MEN (Harcourt, Brace), a chronicle of iron mine exploration and discovery."

A Nursery Song

J. B. C. G. of Philadelphia, Pa., *has sent in an appeal for help. As I don't seem to be able to answer it from any of the sources at my command I am printing here the song of which he writes:*

It was one which my wife's mother used to sing to her children many years ago. I remember the music and I remember most of the words, but half of one stanza I cannot recall. The first stanza goes as follows:

A little boy went to the garden one day
And carried his arrow and bow
For guns are dangerous things for play
In the hands of growing children, you know.
A little bird sat on a cherry tree
Singing away so merrily,
Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo.

It is a matter of not much consequence except it would be a satisfaction to me if I could get the whole little song complete. As you see from the nature of it it is meant for children and may have been published in some old volume of nursery rhymes; I don't know.

Can anybody help?

How You Were Born

J. S. of New York City *wants the name of a book which will guide her in her effort to acquaint her child with the facts of life.*

There is a book, which I have it on the word of a physician friend, is an ideal volume to give to the child in its teens, that, I should think, would also be the ideal work for a mother to read and simplify for presentation to a small girl of six. This is THE HOW AND WHY OF LIFE (Liveright), by Emma Wheat Gillmore, which purports to be a dialogue between a young child and a physician, and which in its course touches on many phases of life. In the form in which it appears it is, of course, far too advanced for J. S.'s tot, but it is an excellent presentation, without sentimentality and accurately scientific; it should prove a rich quarry from which to hew the few facts which can be given to any child of six.

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

The Benchley Boom

IF justice be done, paraphrased either Wendell Phillips or William Lloyd Garrison, the heavens will not fall. Justice *has* been done, and the stratosphere is maintaining its *status quo*. The achievement is to the joint credit of Robert Benchley and an unknown who must here be designated simply *x*. Or, more formally, *X*.

To Part 18 of the original series of the *Colophon*, September, 1934, Mr. Benchley contributed a paper under the title "Why Does Nobody Collect Me?" It was instinct with all the Benchley wistfulness and *Unabhängigkeit*, as witness:

> Why are not *my* works matters for competitive bidding in the open market? I am older than Hemingway, and have written more books than he has. And yet it is as much as my publishers and I can do to get people to pay even the list price for my books, to say nothing of a supplementary sum for rare copies. One of my works, "Love Conquers All," is even out of print, and yet nobody shows any interest in my extra copy. I have even found autographed copies of my books in the second-hand bookshops, along with "My Life and Times," by Buffalo Bill. Doesn't *anybody* care?

The question, whether it, as originally put, was rhetorical or practical, has been answered. The Benchley plea has not been in vain. A carer has been found.

In Part I of the catalogue of the library of Mrs. Milton E. Getz, recently dispersed at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries, Inc. (the longest-named auction-house in the world), was listed, inter much alia, the following:

> 81. BENCHLEY, ROBERT. No Poems, 1932. ✠ The Treasurer's Report, 1930. ✠ 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea or David Copperfield, n.d. ✠ and others. Together 6 vols., 12mo, original cloth, with dust jackets.
>
> New York, v.d.
>
> FIRST AND OTHER EDITIONS. ALL FINE COPIES. One work is inscribed by the author.

Note the deft casualness of the cataloguer. Note, particularly, the "and other editions." Note, even more particularly, the artful failure to identify the inscribed work. In less dignified endeavors this titillation is denominated the come-on—and after the come-on the pay-off.

In the instance of Lot 81 the pay-off was eight dollars. Of course, Benchley's detractors will say he was floated in on the company he was keeping. Lot 80 was George Bellows, Lot 82 Stephen Vincent Benét, and Lot 76, hemming Benchley in across the leaf, the venerable Bede. But an auction audience is cold-blooded; emotion, atmosphere, precedent fail to move it. If it had not wanted Benchley it would have passed him by. It did want Benchley, at least someone among it did—two somebodies, in fact, one of whom wanted him only seven dollars' worth.

Benchley is on his way. True, he will have his ups and down. Bookriggers will try to sell him short to their own ultimate profit. But the wary will not be misled. They will buy Benchley, as they buy American Molasses, for the long pull. Back Benchley and go places! Who the blazes reads the venerable Bede?

Dates in Season

Discussing I. R. Brussel's "Anglo-American First Editions: West to East" in this department two weeks ago, the Compleat Collector said that the Indianapolis (1897) edition of James Whitcomb Riley's "A Child-World" appeared to be a record among post-dated books, since copies are known with presentation inscriptions by the author written as early as October 9, 1896. Mr. Brussel informs us that his own monograph cites an even more egregious instance of temporal obfuscation. The Boston (1884) edition of Bret Harte's "In the Carquinez Woods" was published September 1, 1883. Is *this* a record?

And is any ethical principle involved? Did a customer who bought an "In the Carquinez Woods" on December 31, 1884, in the belief that he was acquiring current literature, suffer any sentimental damage? Probably not. The real damage is inflicted half a century later when honest and painstaking bibliographers set about investigating these ancient feats of bookkeeping calisthenics. Or, one might almost say, of legerdemain.

Another error in timing remains to be set right. In noticing the catalogue of a notable Wesleyan University exhibit, "Robert Frost: A Chronological Survey," some time since, the Compleat Collector, alert for motes to fling into unwary eyes, reported that "Christmas Trees" (in "Mountain Interval") had not been previously issued as a pamphlet (previous, that is, to 1916) and did not appear in separate form until 1928. If there be degrees of correctitude, the Compleat Collector was righter than the Wesleyan catalogue. But Joseph Blumenthal of the Spiral Press, who issued "Christmas Trees" separately, informs this department that the year was 1929, not 1928. "It was printed as a Christmas card for my wife and myself," writes Mr. Blumenthal. "There can be no doubt of this since I was married in April, 1929." That evidence is unimpeachable—for once something has appeared in this department that admits not of denial, cavil, or gainsaying.

Unwitting assist.—The value of a casual inscription in a collectable book is well attested by a copy of Cooper's "The Pathfinder" (Philadelphia, 1840) in Catalogue 242 of James F. Drake, Inc., where it is listed at $125. The Spiller-Blackburn bibliography of Cooper notes the fact that "the copyright notice is omitted from Vol. I" and that "Vol. II has also been seen with the notice wanting," the assumption being, of course, that copies with the notices are second issues. The Drake copy has a name and date, March 14, 1840, in each volume—and March 14, 1840, according to Messrs. Spiller and Blackburn, was the publication date of "The Pathfinder." The Drake copy, moreover, lacks the notice in the first volume but contains it in the second. The printers were T. K. and P. G. Collins, as called for by Spiller-Blackburn—some copies, with the copyright notice in each volume, have the imprint of I. Ashmead and Co. While pure logic would set a Volume II without the notice ahead of one with it, the evidence of the early dated copy can hardly be ignored. At the very least it tends to push the discussion back to the point whence it started.

Adventurous Apostle

THE ODYSSEY OF FRANCIS XAVIER. By Theodore Maynard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE H. SHUSTER

FRANCIS XAVIER, of the Basque nobility and the company of Loyola, was one to whom nothing mattered at all save the Gospel. In those times of a Catholic missionary zeal by comparison with which the communist ardor of today is only a flame in a draught, he went to the Orient and baptized tens of thousands. India beheld in him its first great Christian propagandist. Later he wrestled in spirit with the *bonzes* of Japan, and even dreamed of the spiritual conquest of impenetrable China. He could be quixotic, very quixotic, where his own person was concerned, but he thoroughly understood the practical strategy of missionary endeavor.

Research work into the career of this extraordinary saint—doubtless one of the greatest men ever to have come out of Spain—is still very much under way. When the German Jesuits of Tokyo University have completed their labors, we shall doubtless be given a portrait by comparison with which the thumbnail sketches now available will seem rather primitive. But Mr. Maynard has modestly tried to write only a popular "life" enlivened by the spirit of adventure which guided the great apostles of the seventeenth century.

It is a very good book. The story is told crisply and quickly, and the extant letters of the Saint are handled with particularly notable skill. There is a decent emphasis upon learning, and one can see that pains have been taken to find bits of lore that really help to round out the narrative. But Mr. Maynard seems to have grown somewhat abashed at the thought of what he had undertaken—the biography of a saint, *i.e.*, of an individual whom many persons regard as more than considerable of a bore. As a result the prose often goes about in self-conscious mufti. Where it tries to be breezy, it is frequently just merely rapid. The asides are sometimes headstrong generalizations rather than shafts of wisdom. Dictionally Mr. Maynard can, when he wishes, proceed in masterly fashion. He does for about fifty pages. Even so his book is never dull and is sometimes bright and moving.

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS AND THEIR CRITICS. By James T. Hillhouse. Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. 1936. $3.50.

"Waverley" appeared in 1814; by 1820 the great *Reviews* had no comparisons for Scott other than Shakespeare and Homer, while the lesser declared that the time for criticizing Scott had passed. A Tory critic in 1845 thought Scott's romances had "gone far to neutralize the dangers of the Reform Bill"; while Mark Twain, who abominated Scott, declared that his fiction had so formed Southern character that he was "in great measure responsible" for the Civil War. Yet Crabb Robinson held Scott no improvement on Mrs. Radcliffe, Coleridge sniffed (though he read), and in 1871 Stephen pronounced Scott good reading for boys while adding that boys preferred books on cricket and boat races.

In our day Mrs. Woolf and Mr. E. M. Forster are at odds over the question of Scott's greatness, which remains, clearly, a controversial matter and furthermore one which, as readers of Professor Hillhouse's study must conclude, is important in the history of taste.

L. H. B.

THE TIME OF TENNYSON. By Cornelius Weygandt. Appleton-Century. 1936. $2.50.

This is appreciation of the third great period in English poetry by a man in whose life, poetry, to use his favorite phrase, has always "bulked big." If there is somewhat too serious a concern with Dr. Weygandt's personal predilections in these readable pages there is likewise much warm appreciation and sound criticism, especially in the chapters on Browning, Arnold, Meredith, and Fitzgerald. The author has also done some painstaking research on over fifty minor Victorian and Georgian versifiers, in which category he places Emily Brontë: "a picturesque figure in the history of literature; a romancer of power in 'Wuthering Heights'; a writer of verse visited infrequently by the spirit or technical accomplishment of poetry."

For the poetry of Elizabeth Browning Dr. Weygandt finds few kind words and a cruel quotation which leads him to the conclusion that "her deadly facility undid her." With the facility of such dilute talents as William Morris and the Tennyson of "In Memoriam" and the "Idylls" he is more tolerant. His estimate of the latter is more enthusiastic than discriminating, and it struck this reviewer as strange that so keen an admirer of Browning should fail to credit the unique vitality of "Ulysses" to the influence of the more powerful poet.

It is obvious from these pages that, in spite of Dr. Weygandt's affection for the more rugged writers of the Celtic school, his tastes in poetry tend to the pastoral, or to such philosophical observations as form what Meredith was pleased to call "a reading of life." This would perhaps account for Dr. Weygandt's otherwise curious statement to the effect that "some wet bird-haunted English lawn," is "as good a piece of poetry as Arnold ever wrote." This seems rather heavy toll to pay for the mellifluous influence of Tennyson. Judged by the severer standards of today it is such lines as "the unplumbed, salt estranging sea" which carry in their compressed kernel the bitter brilliance and unmistakable utterance of the essential Arnold.

V. N.

Fiction

DIVIDE THE DESOLATION. By Kathryn Jean MacFarlane. Simon & Schuster. 1936. $2.50.

This novel is a most delicate intrusion upon the untouchable spirit of Emily Brontë. Miss MacFarlane has given us the rich, obscure, indrawn life of Haworth Parsonage entirely in terms of Emily's sensibility. One sympathizes with her in the choice of her heroine, for Emily of all the Brontës has the greatest affinity to the modern mind. However, one cannot excuse her for her really cruel mishandling of Charlotte Brontë. Apparently in an attempt to explain Emily's stern aloofness, Charlotte is made to appear a hypocritical prude willing to deny her own emotions and bitterly condemning those of her brother. This is a serious violation of the sensitive and passionate if sometimes ironical creator of "Jane Eyre."

This book achieves its truest poignancy in the relationship between Emily and Branwell. Emily's love for her brother is conceived as her crown of thorns. His painful confessions are at once a torture and a revelation. She shares with him the legends that haunt her and from them Branwell plucks the seed which relinquished into Emily's care grows into a work of genius. After Branwell's death, Emily becomes a weary, passionless frame through which the winds blow pitifully.

The present reader, though greatly stirred by this imaginary evidence of Emily's love for Branwell, cannot surrender completely to it. In her poetry, Emily's passion seems to be something unearthly and inexhaustible. Even a degenerate Branwell and the fatal disease he bequeathed her could not possibly overwhelm her. Charlotte, indeed, marvelled at the great crescendo in her sister's mental powers as death approached her. Miss MacFarlane, on the other hand, laments a wasted spirit such as Emily's own stoical exaltation would never have permitted her to be.

D. K.

JILL SOMERSET. By Alec Waugh. Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

Competent, hackneyed, this novel is pale Galsworthy with a touch of A. S. M. Hutchinson. Jill Somerset goes through every stock situation of English fiction from the war to the depression. She stands by her fiancé, a conscientious objector, until his release from prison at the end of the war; then he drifts away from her. At thirty she decides to marry for marriage rather than for love; the consequence is that she falls in love with her husband's best friend, a situation which the reader foresees earlier than the

The Criminal Record

In the absence of new detective fiction this week, the Hon. Judge assaults a few classics.

THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE *Edgar Allan Poe* *Wm. H. Graham* (Philadelphia: 1843)	Brutal Paris murders of Madame L'Espanaye and daughter Camille solved with swiftness and dispatch by M. Dupin.	Relentless pursuit of infinitesimal clues by suave Spiggotty sleuth features gruesome yet fascinating tale.	Swell
THE MOONSTONE *Wilkie Collins* Tinsley (London: 1868)	Theft of sacred yellow diamond from Hindu temple brings woe to Verinder household until Sergeant Cuff steps in.	Trifle wordy, but writing is good, action fairly brisk, and characterizations able with efficient sleuthing.	A jewel
THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD *Charles Dickens* Chapman & Hall (London: 1870)	Strange vanishing of Cloisterham choir-master's nephew points finger of suspish at c-m (and finger keeps on pointing).	Detective Datchery, who enters tale a *leetle* late, is hot on criminal's trail—when, alas, the curtain falls.	Unsurpassed
A STUDY IN SCARLET *A. C. Doyle* Ward, Lock and Co. (1888)	Medico stooge of drug-taking London private 'tec tells tale of revenge killings in English metropolis.	Despite long flash-back and overseas jump to western U. S. deserts, story has merit and author may go far.	Readable
THE INNOCENCE OF FATHER BROWN *G. K. Chesterton* Cassell (London: 1911)	Variety of esoteric killings in London and vicinity solved by portly little padre with umbrella attachment.	"Invisible Man" alone worth price of admission with "The Wrong Shape" and "The Flying Feet" runners-up.	None better

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author wants him to. But they stick together, because they have the Galsworthian view of the English family. One of Jill's sisters, meanwhile, has an abortion, goes to the dogs (this is where the A. S. M. Hutchinson element comes in), and dies when her drunken lover forgets to turn off the gas. Another sister becomes a communist, while her brother joins the Mosleyites, and they have unprofitable arguments. Apparently Mr. Waugh is trying to give us a little of everything. There is no objection to familiar material when it is presented in a new way; but "Jill Somerset" is conventional without originality or vigor.

G. S.

Miscellaneous

"I'M LOOKING FOR A BOOK . . ." By Amy Loveman. Dodd, Mead. 1936. $2.50.

This book offers a few short cuts to program making and general reading. Compiled from the Clearing House of *The Saturday Review*, it is an attempt to render assistance to those who, either through lack of time or through the inaccessibility of the reference works from which they could derive the necessary help, desire aid in drawing up lists for their own reading or that of others. It is prefaced by a chapter commenting on some of the reference works most generally useful.

Travel

BERMUDIANA. Text and Design by Ronald John Williams. Photographs principally by Walter Rutherford. New York: The Bermudian Publishing Company. 1936. $3.

This is a sumptuous, descriptive, and copiously illustrated book for lovers of Bermuda or those contemplating visiting there. It gives the island's historical background and bears a short preface by the novelist Hervey Allen, who vouches for the author of the book and for the book itself as "*par excellence* the best guide and souvenir that has ever been offered to visitors to Bermuda." The splendid quality of the illustrations, indeed, speaks for itself.

W. R. B.

THE FLIGHT OF BIG HORSE. By Sven Hedin. Dutton. 1936. $3.75.

Dr. Sven Hedin is indeed the hardy perennial of Central Asiatic exploration. In 1885 at the age of twenty he first made a journey through Persia and Mesopotamia, and a few years later was in Chinese Turkestan and Tibet. Many of us can remember the thrill we had as boys in reading of his adventurous journeys and the sufferings that he and his caravan underwent in the mountains and deserts of Central Asia. In particular, the account of how he nearly died of thirst while crossing the Takla Makan Desert stands out.

Nearly fifty years after his first journey he once more set forth for Central Asia, crossing the Gobi Desert into Sinkiang on a mission from the Chinese Government in Nanking to mark out two motor roads in an endeavor to extend the means

(*Continued on next page*)

German Letters in Exile

BY KLAUS MANN

TO the frequent inquiry of foreigners as to whether current literature in the Third Reich is deserving of serious attention the answer must be an unequivocal no. There is no current literature of intellectual worth in Nazi Germany and there cannot be.

Intellectual life and fascism are a contradiction in terms. The one automatically excludes the other. There is no need to recite the precise means—the thousand instructions, restrictions, etc.—by which the dictatorship circumscribes the intellectuals; what corrupts, destroys, and makes impossible creative effort is the complete lack of intellectual integrity which suffocates all endeavor. Faced by fascist, or fascist-infected literature, I inevitably think of Nietzsche's dictum: "The question is not as to whether a thing is true, but as to whether it works. . . . Everything is proper,—lies, slander, unabashed deception, if it serves to raise enthusiasm to the point of faith."

It can be said without exaggeration that the most articulate and gifted of Germany's wirters shun the Third Reich and that the majority of them are actively hostile to it.We must recognize, of course, that German literature in exile is not of one pattern, and, equally of course, that it is well that it should not be. It represents not one point of view, but a variety of opinions, which are brought into unison merely by the negative fact of their common abhorrence of fascism. It wins its strength from this common purpose of opposition to tyranny and from the sufferings which the exiled writers have all alike known.

These exiled writers differ from one another not merely in their affiliations, which may be liberal or socialistic, Catholic or Jewish, but also in their artistic aims, their style, and their taste. The literature, which in the Reich is so disparagingly referred to as "Asphaltliteratur" or "Kulturbolschewismus," has in reality many moods and tones. A cursory glance at the publications of recent months will make evident its range of interest.

Among the most interesting books which have come from Germany in exile during the past year are the volume of essays by Heinrich Mann entitled "Es Kommt der Tag" (Zurich: Europa-Verlag) and Leonhard Frank's "Traumgefährten" (Amsterdam: Querido-Verlag). Heinrich Mann's appeals and manifestos glow with political passion. His diction has a noble simplicity which has renounced all those petty artificialities and fripperies which could only detract from the great purpose to which the book is dedicated. That high purpose is the struggle for a better Germany, mortal combat against the present Reich, whose pitiful plight Mann unmasks and depicts with scorn and sorrow, with hatred and contempt. And yet there are faith and confidence in his book—and in the heart of the author—in equal measure with hatred and scorn. The happier future it depicts will be scanned with longing; the book is irradiated by its light.

Leonhard Frank, author of "Karl und Anna," has turned away from the problems of politics and actuality which preoccupied him in that book. In his lyrical tale, "Die Traumgefährten," with almost pathological intensity he concentrates on the theme of eroticism. Not Wedekind, or Strindberg, or Joyce ever presented a world so completely under the dominance of this single passion. It is an enchanted, remote region into which Frank conducts us, a region of hysteria, of dream visions, of almost overwhelming awesomeness, one in which it appears logical and inevitable that the beings who people it, suffering from the duality of their existence as body and soul as they might suffer from illness, should find their way to a madhouse.

What relationship is there between the militant and simple prose of Heinrich Mann and the sick and tenderly lyrical work of Leonhard Frank? They have nothing in common except their zeal for truth, for that absolute integrity which Nietzsche lays down as the first essential of intellectual men. Heinrich Mann has the urge and the will to political truth, Leonhard Frank to psychological truth. Both have offended against the Nazis, because they are truthful (the Nazis call it "destructive" or "analytical").

This will of German exile literature to truth, even if it is a bitter truth, shows itself also in historical fiction. In this regard Lion Feuchtwanger supplies the outstanding example. It has always been his effort and his goal to present history as it really was, not as legend has developed it, and to bring it into vivid relationship with our time and with contemporary fortunes. Of the important works in this field one of the outstanding is Heinrich Mann's "Die Jugend des Königs Henri IV" (Querido), which is shortly to appear in America from the press of Alfred A. Knopf, and is to be followed by a second volume dealing with the rule of the French monarch. However, not only leading novelists, like Feuchtwanger and Mann, should be mentioned—it should be noted also that there are historical tales of interest by Hermann Kesten, whose "Ferdinand und Isabella" (Amsterdam: Lange) is to appear in this country; Vincent Brun, whose "Alcibiades" made a sensation in England, and Jacob Roth, author of "Job," who uses historical events to present a moral thesis.

The exiled writers are also producing novels bearing on the contemporary German scene. One of the foremost among them is Bruno Frank, author of "Cervantes," whose play, "Sturm im Wasserglas," is to be produced by the Theatre Guild this season. The novel he is writing, of which I have seen long extracts, is the chronicle of a young aristocrat who has left Germany to battle for the exiles and against fascism. He is an example of the best and most courageous in the German spirit, and of what German literature in exile stands for.

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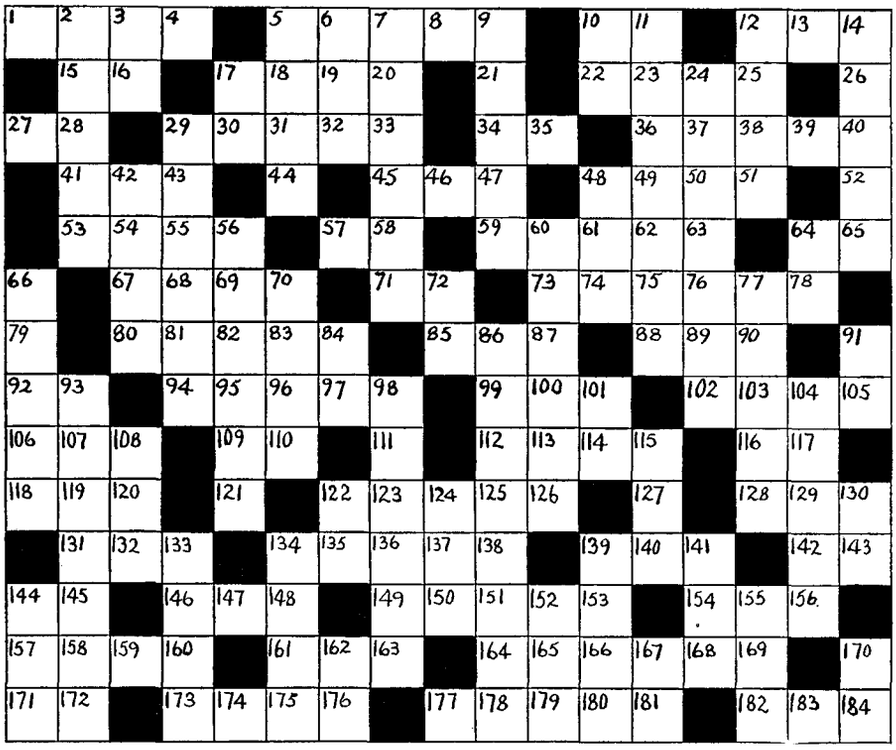
Double-Crostics: No. 144

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

☞N. B. **From now on, translations of excerpts from works in foreign languages will be used occasionally.**

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 24 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Statue with stone extremities.

II. Fashioned with care.

III. Rough with bristles.

IV. Went too far.

V. Not valid or true.

VI. Criterion.

VII. American editor, author, critic (1880—).

VIII. Forebear, precursor.

IX. One of little account.

X. Exonerate of misconduct (colloq.).

XI. First name of Mother Goose hero.

XII. Charles Lamb.

XIII. Pensive instrumental composition.

XIV. Flourishes.

XV. Gradual penetration of scattered units.

XVI. Ridge of sand under water.

XVII. Brave.

XVIII. Dressing up (slang).

XIX. Nonsense; empty show.

XX. Time not long past.

XXI. Alert; keen (comp.).

XXII. Discussed pertinaciously (colloq.).

XXIII. To talk noisily (sl.).

WORDS

146 80 100 117 103 21 170 132

3 48 71 161 68 140 61 9 143 84

155 111 169 29 52 66

81 82 122 7 152 18 32 74 107 56

162 180 39 49 119 4 108

153 142 79 118 88 86 173 115 15 41

182 172 130 137 25 150 31

64 62 128 105 54 94 174 20

91 69 147 168 184 116 6 73 11

93 149 34 22 145 28 158 59 123

165 89 10 134 154 120

156 83 95 183

136 23 112 131 179 144 125 30

17 129 85 26 42 151 133 8

44 35 157 75 67 57 167 45 87 109 16 50

160 101 40 110

98 72 178 37 163 171 27 139 114 104 33 47

176 92 51 77 159 46 126

96 24 58 65 175 2 124 76 166

177 141 78 60 138 38 148 102 14

164 127 63 55 121 12 99 70 97

113 106 181 53 5 19 135 43

90 13 1 36

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of communication between China proper and that far outlying province. "The Flight of Big Horse" tells of a part of that expedition and of the rise and fall of General Ma Chung-Yin, or Big Horse.

Sinkiang is so cut off that very little was known even in Nanking of the bitter warfare which made a desert out of the country between 1931 and 1934. General Ma Chung-Yin was a Tungan and belonged to that group of Chinese who have become Mohammedan and are also, Dr. Sven Heden feels, separated from the Chinese by certain racial differences. Sinkiang, or Chinese Turkestan, as it is also called, contains a motley group of inhabitants. We find Kalmucks, Kirghiz, Tungans, Turkis, Chinese, and even White Russians, each playing their part in the structure. Dr. Sven Hedin, with all his great experience behind him, never got into any difficulty which could have been possibly avoided by foresight. Even so, it was inevitable that he should find himself in many a tight corner. Sometimes this might be due to difficulties of travel itself, and other days to danger from the warring natives.

The expedition consisted of five Ford cars, one a sedan and the balance trucks. The personnel included four Swedes, a doctor, a topographer, and two missionaries' sons from Northern China who acted as drivers. There were eight Chinese, two engineers, a surveyor, an astronomer, four servants, three Mongols.

A glance over the excellent illustrations will give one a forecast of the interesting and thrilling hours to which the reader can look forward.

K. R.

Brief Mention

Ornithologists and geographers should note Louis A. Fuertes's and W. H. Osgood's *Artist and Naturalist in Ethiopia* (Doubleday, Doran, $5). "This is a story of a scientific expedition to Ethiopia undertaken before the eyes of the world were focussed on that remote country." It consists of a travelling scientist's diary, with accounts of scenery and people as well as of birds and game, the whole illustrated by remarkable colored portraits of birds and animals. * * * We note for specialists a definitive, scholarly edition of the Anglo-Saxon poems of *The Exeter Book*, edited by the late George Philip Krapp and Elliott Van Kirk Dobbie (Columbia University Press, $5). Also a book called *Prisons and Beyond* by Sanford Bates (Macmillan, $3.50), a study in criminology with reference to conditions in the United States. * * * Georges Schreiber's "Portraits and Self-Portraits" (Houghton Mifflin, $2.75) contains drawings of forty contemporary writers with autobiographical notes by the subjects. Much of what the authors have to say about themselves—particularly Stephen Vincent Benét, Ford Madox Ford, Ernest Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, Thomas Mann, and Jules Romains—is interesting; the drawings are uneven. * * * The Yale University Press issues a collection of etchings by Kerr Eby under the title of "War" ($2.50). There are twenty-eight full page reproductions, most of them of battlefields, all of them very effective.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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"DON'T SNORE"—Small, gold device. Prevents snoring, mouth-breathing, $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circular free. D. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

F. W. M. See advertisement this column 12-19-36. Important. Box 724-B.

DEPRAVED oldtime readers, collectors, "dime novels" write Deadwood Dick, Bath Beach, Box 133, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEED FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE—newspaper syndicating. Only moneyed querists wanted. Syndicate.

WANTED personal records and information concerning lives of: Will Thompson, Homer S. Taylor, James Duff, Louis W. Maxson. Communicate with Mrs. L. F. Whitney, 41 Bowdoin Street, Cambridge, Mass.

K. M. A.—You omitted your address. Cyrano.

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PROFESSIONAL completing cloistered cares invites stimulating correspondence. Major.

K. K. (Final edition). Supper specific.

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WOMAN Manhattan desires feminine companionship thirtyish or younger. Music, rural weekends, hearty friendship. Box 728-B.

PERSONALS

MIRAGE even, should have an address I suppose. Box 726-B.

LOVERS OF PERFECT COFFEE—connoisseur's blend; rich, winy aroma; mellow, full-bodied, amber-clear. Bean or any grind. Not sold in stores. Send 10c for ¼ lb. sample. Richard H. Toeplitz, 67 Broad Street, New York.

GRADUATED from Ranch Romances young man would like correspondents, so there. Box 729-B.

LETTERS desired by American who has lived and traveled in many parts of the world. Still young in spirit and interested in literature, science and art. He hopes for mutual enjoyment of travel and intellectual hobbies. Box 730-B.

WANTED TO BUY—Old bound or single copies of Police Gazette. Write your proposition to L. Cowles, 10 Thirty-fifth St., Des Moines, Iowa.

SAY FELLOWS! Are you in favor of "equal rights for women"? Even letting them pay their share of all "dates"? Swell! Prove it by becoming a member and wearing the button of The Dutch Treat Assn. Send $1 TODAY to P. O. Box 1003, Washington, D. C.

49 RARE CURRIER & IVES original prints. Will sell complete collection. Also complete file of Theatre Magazine from 1901-1933. For list and further details address Kay Lewellyn, Box 744, Muncie, Indiana.

TWO GIRLS (College, 21, 24, one employed, one writing) cautiously seek third (Gentile) to share expenses ($42.), comforts (two rooms, kitchenette, bath, fireplace, essence) and discomforts (inevitable) of Village apartment. Box 731-B.

ARE THERE any members of La Societe Vingt et Cinq? Box 732-B.

COMPOSERS RALLY! New Libretto crying for worthy music. Distracted Parent.

YOUNG LADY, owning five-passenger Packard car, would share use of same with lady or family going South and act as companion or nurse (experienced), for expenses and small remuneration; or share ⅓ expenses with another young woman. References exchanged. Box 725-B.

Until Twelfth Night

JANUARY SIXTH, 1937

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

Old Q's Annual Outcry

My Christmas Carol
Comes in a barrel.

PALOOKA E. G. Quercus is in good spirits, very,
Enjoying a Christmas intellectually merry.
Every year, at Yule, he ingurgitates dry sherry
To accompany the Essays of George Saintsbury.
These, for ripened appetite, are venison and not mutton
And published, 1923, 3 vols., by E. P. Dutton.

☞Did you ever read old Saintsbury on Peacock, for instance? ☞or on Praed? ☞Oh to be a publisher and have speculative fun reprinting some Peacock. ☞Amused by Ted Weeks's analysis (N. Y. Times Book Review) of the success of *Gone With the Wind*. He puts it thus:—

Emotional content	25%
Characterization	15%
Invention	10%
Timeliness	45%
Publisher's Advertising	5%

☞Has it occurred to brainy old Ted that at least 25% of this lively yarn's success was due to its choice as a Book-of-the-Month? ☞Prior to that, 100% to the author's quite unconsciously having followed every formula of the Boucicault melodramas. ☞The book that might almost have done what *Gone With the Wind* did, if it had been Book-of-the-Monthed, is Herbert Gorman's *The Mountain and the Plain*.

The Seagrammarian's Funeral

"I have begun," says Mr. Woollcott of Bates's Bible, "to distribute this book like a one-man Gideon Society." In penance for peddling Seagram's?

☞L. G., our Split-Second Impressionist, reads all the back corners of magazines. In the Statement of Ownership of the *Atlantic* he finds that among the stockholders is "Trade Winds, Ltd., 68 William St., N. Y. C." ☞Come and have lunch, Namesake; let's get together. ☞Dan Melcher drives reviewers mad by writing them that the ideal Christmas gift for a "literary person" is the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary, 2 vols. So it is, Dan, so it is; but 18 bucks? Go to Beersheba.

☞That was an admirable idea of the American Book Company to publish *Old Favorites from the McGuffey Readers*, reprinting all the original illustrations. Also its companion volume, the biography of dominie McGuffey himself. The author-editor of this rousing pair of Americana is Dr. Harvey Minnich, curator of the McGuffey Museum.

☞Applications for the 1937 Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowships must be in by April 1, 1937. The 1936 appointees were Clélie Benton Huggins and Robert Penn Warren. Full details from H. M. Co., 2 Park Street, Boston. ☞Fred Keisker writes from Chicago that Sears, Roebuck lately advertised *Sale of 15½ tons of books*. ☞More recollections from old Q.'s recent visit to Chicago: Dr. Morris Fishbein was spending his luncheon intervals looking for rare medical bookplates—which he is to discuss before the Osler society of medical bibliophiles at Johns Hopkins. ☞Howard Vincent O'Brien, the wide-ranging columnist of the Chicago *Daily News*, kindly had Q. to lunch at the University Club. There old Q. unmannerly discovered a misprint in the club's Latin motto as engrossed on stationery, crockery, etc. ☞*Ubique almam matrim memento*, it says: this would have startled the club's well remembered classicist Keith Preston. ☞Old Loopy's secret vein of literary romance beats a strong pulse. At the Ivanhoe Gardens on North Clark Street Old Q. was enchanted to find characters and mottoes from the Wizard of the North all over the place, and supper tables set out under a simulacrum of Sherwood Forest. The light infantry of various publishers, cramped by writing up long stock orders and Night Letters for more copies of best sellers, may sometimes be seen relaxing in spirals under the leafy boskage of the Ivanhoe's ankleteria.

Criminal Record Takes Curtain-Call

☞Now it can be told: by some fluke of filing, the inner mystery of which we have not yet fathomed, The Criminal Record of December 5 reviewed *The Unicorn Murders*, by Carter Dickson (Morrow), which was published slightly more than a year ago. The Q. Associate who makes up the Criminal Record was under the impression that *The Unicorn Murders* was a new book until the paper was off the press. ☞This was a good laugh for the boys around town; but it has all turned out very well. Our review has resulted, so far, in the sale of 30 copies of *The Unicorn Murders*, and Polly Street, Morrow's sales manager, tells us that orders are still coming in. One jobber reordered four times. Pretty good pulling power for 18 agate lines on a year-old mystery story: what old Prehensile Q. calls High Coefficient of Traction. ☞The idea for this week's Criminal Record, by the way, occurred independently of this episode.

☞Barbara Frost responds to our inquiry whether Mr. La Prade, "The Man from Cook's," is interested in oldtime travel books as well as new titles. Yes indeed, ejaculates Barbara:—

"He has two particular favorites which are so ancient as to be out-of-print. When it came to making his personal list of the fourteen best travel-books for *Publishers' Weekly*, he insisted on putting in the out-of-print volumes, hoping some canny publisher could be persuaded to resurrect these classics of travel-literature.

"The books—still languishing in limbo!—are *'The Mediterranean and Its Borderlands,'* by Joel Cook, and *'Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Meccah,'* by Richard F. Burton.

"Another one of the 'Man from Cook's' special favorites, isued in a recent edition by Liveright, will be time-seasoned enough to warm the cockles of your heart, namely, *"Contemporaries of Marco Polo,"* edited by Manuel Komroff. This is a collection of ancient travel records to the Eastern parts of the world, journeys made during the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries. This book, Mr. La Prade says, 'reads like *The Arabian Nights*, but in spite of the tremendous changes that have taken place in the Orient, it provides a remarkably picturesque background to present-day travel.' "

☞This time of year we always remind explorers of *The Studio*, the beautiful magazine that saves one the fatigue of going to art galleries. The January issue contains a survey, with many pictures, of American Art as It Is Today by Payton Boswell (who died untimely last week). ☞Well worth reading, if only for the enjoyment of disagreeing with some of Mr. Boswell's judgments. ☞In a ballot taken among the staff of the Doubleday Doran bookshops for the 20 outstanding books of the year, John Gunther's *Inside Europe* came out on top: 42 votes. ☞The next three were *Gone With the Wind* (41), *The Last Puritan* (37), *An American Doctor's Odyssey* (33). ☞Mark Prentiss reports that the new junior high school now under construction in Brooklyn is to be named after Mark Twain. ☞Every poetry lover looks forward with extraordinary curiosity (and apprehension) to the Letters of Fanny Brawne to John Keats, to be published by Oxford in January—on St. Agnes' Eve, we hope. ☞We were grieved to learn of the death at 81 of Mr. W. W. Ellsworth, for so many years an officer of the old Century Company and more recently a widely travelling lecturer on literary topics. ☞Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach notes in his *A Book Hunter's Holiday* that *A Visit from St. Nicholas*, which we more usually think of as *The Night Before Christmas*, was first printed (anonymously) in the Troy (N. Y.) *Sentinel* on Dec. 23, 1823. ☞It would be delightful if Miss Hilda Pinkney, the gracious bookseller of Russell Sage College in Troy, would republish the first printing in facsimile. ☞Among many other delightful anecdotes, Rosy tells of a famous revolutionary broadside, exquisitely rare, found tacked over a knothole in a lunch wagon in Maryland.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 143)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY—"XMAS CARDS."

"This little paper traveler goes forth to your door charged with tender greetings. Pray you take him in." Perhaps in the humility of one who seems too inefficient to prepare blazons of his own, that may stand as our Xmas homage.

(Editor's note: As the context from which this passage is taken makes clear, the first two sentences are quoted from Stevenson.)

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